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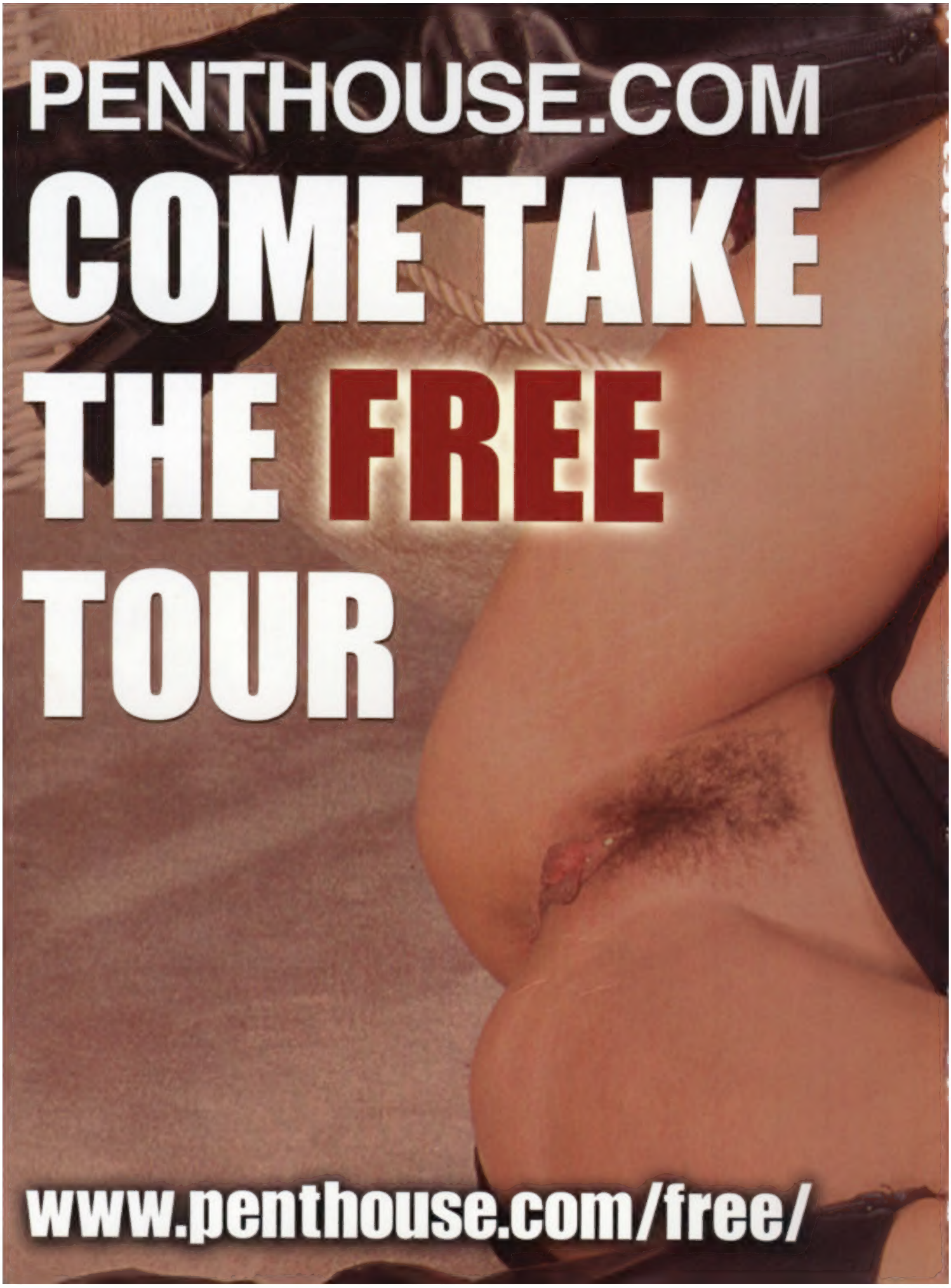
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MARCH 2002

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MARCH HOUSECALL

Protecting our liberties and our lives ... roaring through Tornado Alley ... talking with Nobel laureate Kofi Annan ... and savoring some of America's most outrageous humor

Free—and Safe

"One of the aims of terrorism is to frighten people into surrendering their civil liberties and welcoming a police state," writes preeminent legal scholar **Alan M. Dershowitz**. "The immediate aftermath of the suicide terrorism of September 11, 2001, illuminates the danger of this phenomenon.... Although our vulnerability to these mass murders was mostly the result of human errors—intelligence and security failures, rather than inadequate laws—the first reaction in Washington was to urge a massive overhaul of our legal system, especially of our rights." Dershowitz explores the dangers of curtailing some individual rights but also explains why other restrictions on our freedom are worth making. Don't miss this special report on how best to safeguard American lives without forgetting our deep commitment to liberty, equality, and the rule of law.

New World Order

International support for the American war on terrorism is yet another illustration of the far-reaching effects of globalization, and in this brave new world, the United Nations serves a more important purpose than ever. In a wide-ranging *Penthouse* interview, UN Secretary-General **Kofi Annan**—who recently received the Nobel Peace Prize—speaks to journalist **Russell Warren Howe** about, among other things, the changes the September 11 attack has wrought, the unifying force that only the UN can supply, and the UN's mission in these difficult times: "Obviously the world remains full of dangers.... The increased unity of governments and peoples in the face of the world's major problems is a hopeful sign."

Storming

There is no entirely accurate means for predicting the occurrence of tornadoes, but storm chasers are considered frontline soldiers in the battle to protect against the violent whirlwinds. In a scene straight out of *Twister*, **Phil Maranda** sets out for Tornado Alley—the band wrapped around the middle of America where more of these storms hit than anyplace else—and heads into the heart of the tempest. "I am told by a tourmate," Maranda writes in "View From the Top," "that storm chasing 'is maybe 95 percent boredom and five percent terror.' " Check out his report from the trenches on that all-important five percent.... And don't skip our writeup in "Fast Forward" on the backyard-wrestling craze. Generation X has given way to Generation WWF, and these boys are out for blood.

The Lighter Side

The newspaper equivalent—in many ways—of backyard wrestling is America's news-parody sensation, the *Onion*. Starting low-key in the Midwest, its success with young audiences has grown to the point where it's now moved to Manhattan, has best-selling books to its credit, and a major motion picture on the way. Recently the tight-knit group of friends that staffs the *Onion* let *Penthouse* writer **Rachel Stokoe** sit in on an editorial meeting. "Dressed in the slacker uniform of retro theme T-shirts and baggy shorts, they batted around ideas over assorted takeout containers," she reports. "Did I mention one of the writers was buck-naked?"... And, as always, **Jonathan Davis** trades barbs with one of the hottest comics around. This month he takes on **Jim Edwards**, who shares his thoughts on sex, **Bobby Knight**, masturbation, sex, breast implants, and his first sexual experience.... Then Davis and **Michael-Ann Rowe** talk to welterweight **Arturo Gatti** in another sure-to-make-headlines "Sporting America" column about boxing, Gatti's superstitions, and ... sex: "I love [anal sex]. I have it at least twice a day."

Marching On

This issue is also full of advice, like our "Men's Health & Fitness" tips on how you can easily lose ten pounds by the time you are reading next month's issue; our "Unrepentant Voyeur" report on **Rosebudd**'s rules for becoming a successful pimp; and our "Smart Sex" take on the benefits of giving your woman the goddess treatment.... You'll never find a woman more worthy of being treated like a goddess than our luscious Pet of the Month, **Courtney Taylor**. Courtney, not to mention all our other stunning models, will have you roaring like a lion all month.

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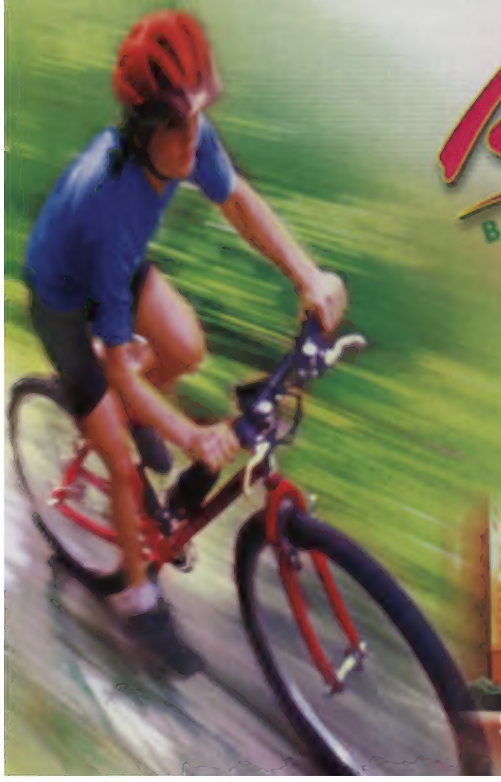

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

No, Thank *You!*

My husband and I went to a party recently, and while he seemed content to just hang out with his buddies, I amused myself by admiring from afar the most gorgeous guy I had ever seen. I wanted to know who this dream was, and had more on my mind than merely saying hello.

He was tall, blond, and incredibly handsome. His skin was tanned golden brown, and he had an extraordinary build. His shirt was stretched taut over his pecs. I wanted to get naked with him and rub my nipples all over his muscular chest.

Wherever my dream man moved, I followed with my eyes. I knew that beneath those tight slacks he had a cock that was as big and beautiful as he was. Beneath my skirt, my clit was swollen, my pussy throbbed with excitement, and my panties were as wet as could be.

And then it happened! Our eyes met and my entire body became engulfed in a rush of heat and excitement. As I watched this guy make his way toward me I wanted to run, but couldn't. He didn't say a word; he just smiled and looked deep into my eyes. Taking my hand in his, he led me to an upstairs bedroom.

He shut the door behind us, pushed me against it, and pressed his soft, warm lips to mine in a long, wonderful kiss. Kneeling down in front of me, he moved his hands up the backs of my legs. I was trembling with anticipation as he pulled down my panties so I could step out of them. When he placed his head beneath my skirt, I pulled up the hem so that I could see this handsome man's face between my legs. I had to bite down on my bottom lip to contain my cries of joy as he moved his agile tongue over and inside my pussy, sending me to new heights of pleasure. He pulled off my skirt and brought his mouth to my clit, then licked and sucked my little hard-on. Inside, I felt the dam ready to burst. My fingers pressed into his head, pulling his mouth solidly to my clit. "Oh, yes!" I cried out, unable to stifle my joy any longer as I exploded with pleasure. My floodgates opened. As I released my downpour, he covered my opening with his mouth and drank me.

Standing up, he removed his shirt. I quickly removed my blouse and bra. It was not until he pulled down his pants and briefs that I gasped in disbelief. He was even bigger down there than I had imagined! His thick, beautiful cock was at least ten inches long, and for a fleeting moment I wondered if I would be able to accommodate this massive prick.

He lifted me up, and I wrapped my arms around his neck, my legs around his back. He lowered me down upon his huge joystick, and I felt each delicious inch of him disappearing inside me. As he held himself motionless inside me, I squeezed my vaginal muscles around his thick prick. With my cunt packed tight with cock like I'd never felt before, he began to move slowly in and out of me. "Oh, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me with your big cock!" I screamed out, before releasing yet another flood of my joy juice.

He thrust with gusto, and my

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Andrew, after having gone through a maniacal crisis than made him believe he was the author of a series of homicides, seems to be totally recovered and his psychiatrist discharges him. He goes back to his job as a rich executive, where he is greeted by his secretary and lover Terry (Sandra Irons). Everything seems to be going well until, one day, Andrew discovers that Terry is cheating on him. A captivating plot with really unforgettable sex scenes.

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PENTHOUSE

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MARCH

ass slammed against the door with each stroke. With one final heave he drove his cock deeper still inside me. As he grunted loudly I felt the incredible sensation of his cock spurting its huge load of cream within me.

I knew my husband would be looking for me, so my mystery man and I got dressed silently and he left the room ahead of me. I didn't know his name or if I would see him again. It didn't matter, though. I had fucked my dream man. When we got back to the party and our eyes met for the last time, he mouthed the words "Thank you." Then I gave him a big smile and mouthed back, "No, thank *you!*"—*K.T., Minnesota*

Superstud

It was my first night in a new apartment. The building must have had the world's thinnest ceilings, because I heard absolutely everything going on in the bedroom above mine—every moan, groan, gasp, and scream of passion. While moving in, I had learned from another neighbor that a fellow named Mark lived above me, and apparently he brought home a different woman every week. It seemed he had made a new conquest tonight.

At first I was annoyed. I'd just broken up with my boyfriend, and listening to other people having sex—sweaty sex—wasn't my idea of a good time. Then, as the throaty whimpers of the woman upstairs turned to shrieks of pleasure, I grew amused, intrigued, and, most of all, astonished. The rhythmic creaking of bedsprings went on and on. Who was this guy? He never seemed to quit. The woman was obviously getting the ride of her life. "I'm going to come!" she yelled. "Fuck me, Mark! Fuck me harder!"

As I lay there in bed and listened, my pussy grew so wet that my panties were soaked through. I couldn't take it any longer. I rolled over on my back, pulled off my panties, and spread my legs. My fingers strummed my swollen clit while I continued to eavesdrop on the couple overhead. As she climaxed, the woman let out a yowl so loud, I think the entire building heard it. Mark came with a series of sexy grunts, and I was rocked by a powerful orgasm of my own.

I sighed happily and drifted off to sleep, certain that Mark was finished for the night. I was startled awake around 2 A.M. to hear them going at it yet again, just as loudly as before. Then, to my disbelief, they started up twice more before the sun rose. Each time, I found my pussy hot and eager, and I was forced to masturbate to relieve the renewed sexual tension.

In the morning I knew I had to meet this superstud. I watched the stairs through my front door until a curvy redhead emerged from his apartment,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

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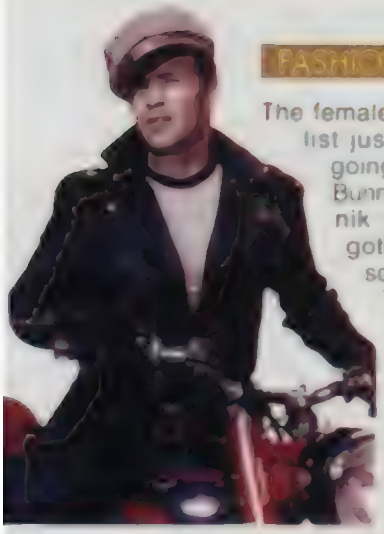

FASHION • BY GIL REAVILL

The female must-have fashion list just keeps going and going, like the Energizer Bunny, from Manolo Blahnik to Zoran. The guy gotta-have-it list is the soul of brevity. Jeans, T-shirt, run fingers through hair. All set. Oh yeah, add one more item, the fashion equivalent of the Y chromosome: the leather jacket.

Since World War II's fabled A-2 flight jacket, since Brando (left) roared into town on cowhide and a shovelhead in *The Wild One*, since legendary pimp Iceberg Slim boasted that he owned 50 of them, the leather jacket has been the defining emblem of guyhood. And like all male fashion accessories, this one matters only insofar as it entices the opposite sex to get in tight.

They are mythic objects, the sole article hanging in your closet that is entitled to have a story attached to it. I got mine at an Amsterdam flea market; it's a black cowhide German motorcycle jacket with red collar piping that had seen better days even back when I acquired it. More than once a woman fucked me just because I wore it. Every stress, scar, and crack in the leather is an entry in my back pages.

Trends don't affect leather, at least not much. The only real question is which one of the three B's you go for: biker, bomber, or butter. This last category comes off Jay-Z's riff "Time to separate the pros from the cons / That butter-soft shit from that leather on the Fonz."

Jay-Z (below, left) is talking about different kinds—and even different species—of animal skin. "Cowhide is the heavier, more durable leather from the mature female cow," says Sandy Blye of the Leather Apparel Association. "Calfskin is from the younger cow, and lambskin is from a young sheep, and they are softer and more supple."

Collectors of archival World War II bomber jackets—often adorned with cool insignia and paintings akin to airplane-nose art—pay thousands, sometimes tens of thousands, for pristine relics. You ought to be able to get yourself a nonmuseum piece—biker, bomber, or butter—for around $300.

Penthouse forecast: What with the minatory times, the bomber jacket might enjoy a resurgence. But the call is all yours. Mature female cow or a lamb cut down in its prime, wear it with pride.

The only real trends in leather jackets are the three B's: biker, bomber, and butter.

In *Rebel Without a Cause*, James Dean screams at his father, "You're tearing me apart!" Nowadays teenagers don't need parents. They tear one another apart all by their lonesomes.

Generation X has given way to Generation WWF, ring-mad kids who have been weaned on a steady diet of Hulk Hogan, Jake "The Snake" Roberts, and Stone Cold Steve Austin. No wonder that in backyards, gyms, vacant lots, and barnyards all over the country, kids are staging their own wrestling bouts. They crease one another's skulls with crutches, golf clubs, home appliances, hay bales, garbage cans, barrel cactuses, barbed wire, and that old reliable, the folding chair, all in the name of spectacle.

The *Best of Backyard Wrestling* franchise has come out with three more volumes in its ragingly popular video series dedicated to sex, blood, and general adolescent jackassery. Volume 3, *Too Shocking for TV*, and Volume 4, *Random Acts of Violence*, don't disappoint, while a Special Edition video, *The Backyard Babes Behind-the-Scenes Uncensored!*, is a soft-core compendium of stripper-like ringers who were trucked in to juice the stew.

Watching the whole series in sequence inevitably gives rise to musings about the sorry-ass teenage male, his appetite for pain, and his genius for nihilism. Wrestling is a rite of passage the world over, the better to burn off taboo homoerotic feelings. The shrinks would say these kids just want to fuck one another. Instead they slug it out with toaster ovens. Probably the better choice.

Oprah, for one, has given her stern, prissy-lipped seal of disapproval to the whole backyard scene. Mom and Dad hate it. Which means that the boys of backyard must be doing something right.

At the end of the eighties, Paul Oakenfold (above) was the most popular deejay presiding over the rise of house music in England. Inspired by a summer gig in the Eurotrash environs of Ibiza, one of the Balearic Islands off the coast of Spain, Oakenfold brought his "Balearic sound" to London clubs just when ecstasy hit. It was the right alkaloid and the right groove at the right time.

Since then Oakenfold has more or less been anointed the world's best deejay, which means he gets gigs like opening for U2 or Moby and producing last year's *Swordfish* sound track, as well as attracting groupies of his own. Almost a decade and a half after the fact, Oakenfold returned to his Balearic roots to recharge his batteries, commemorating the move with the album *Ibiza* (Perfecto).

Geographically and politically, Moodymann resides on the other end of the trance/dance spectrum. Reared Kenny Dixon Jr. amid the soot-black snows of Detroit, he matches Oakenfold's ability to morph a mix into a mind-altering experience. Moodymann is the one you turn to at, say, 5 A.M., when the sun is rising, your buzz is wearing off, and an Oakenfold rave has wrung you out.

Moodymann refuses promotion and interviews. He releases EPs primarily on his own KDJ label, out of Detroit. For all his posturing, many of Moodymann's cuts are surprisingly soulful and velvety, with soft Marvin Gaye–style rhythmic edges, but he can disco-funk a Chic sample with the best. Much of his KDJ output is collected on the import album *Forevernevermore* (Peacefrog) and the classic *A Silent Introduction* (Planet E).

Music makes for strange bedfellows. On his first American tour, Jimi Hendrix opened for the Monkees. No stranger cross-cultural collision ever transpired, however, than when the chilly noodlings of European electronica avatars like Kraftwerk were embraced by the pioneers of rap. Likewise, European house music owes much to the Detroit "Belleville Three" techno innovators Kevin Saunderson, Juan Atkins, and Derrick May (Moodymann's mentor).

Moodymann rightly insists on the primacy of electronica's black American roots, but he and the high-visibility "white house" deejay Oakenfold aren't that far apart after all.

SPIRITS

Although a juniper-flavored distillate was produced in Holland in the seventeenth century, Americans associate gin with a number of British firms that were established in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them Beefeater, Booth's, Gilbey, Gordon's, Plymouth, and Tanqueray. The Bombay label appeared in the 1950s, and the distinctive blue Bombay Sapphire bottle in the 1980s. In the United States today, three brands—Tanqueray, Beefeater, and Bombay—account for more than 95 percent of imported gin, but that hasn't discouraged other producers from introducing new labels.

These include Van Gogh and Leyden from Holland, Citadelle from France, Hendrick's from Scotland, 0 Quintessential from England, and the reappearance of Plymouth, first produced in 1793. Seagram's is the best-selling American gin, followed by Gordon's and Gilbey (which have established distilleries here). Newer labels include Junipero and Hampton's.

Juniper remains the main flavoring element in gin, but other botanicals, as they are known, may include coriander, orange peel, ginger, angelica, and cassia bark. The goal is to produce a subtle, balanced product that is not one-dimensional.

Several of the most popular gin-based drinks were originally created for medicinal purposes. Pink Gin—gin with a dash of Angostura bitters—was prescribed as an aid to digestion. Lime juice, originally added to drinks to prevent scurvy, is the basis for the Gimlet. And quinine, used to ward off malaria, led to the gin and tonic.

The Martini, the most famous gin drink, is another story. Originally made with equal parts gin and vermouth, it saw the vermouth gradually disappear, then, as vodka became more popular, so did the gin. Now, however, with classic cocktails back in style, the gin Martini is once again widely seen.

And the trend toward spirits with more flavor than vodka has resulted in a renewed interest in gin. Tanqueray has introduced Malacca and No. 10, with a somewhat different mix of botanicals, and Seagram's now markets Lime Twisted and Grapefruit Twisted gins.

Holland's Van Gogh is one of several new gins appealing to those who like spirits with flavor.

SPORTINGAMERICA

By Jonathan Davis and Michael-Ann Rowe

Welterweight Arturo Gatti: "A stranger doesn't have a clue how powerful my hands really are."

What was your most embarrassing moment?

I was at a Burger King and my brother Joe pulled down my sweats and I wasn't wearing underwear. To make matters worse, I had a problem with shrinkage.

Ever kick a woman out of bed?

No, but I've had those "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am, got to go" encounters.

What are your thoughts on boxer Zab Judah throwing a stool and jabbing at a referee's throat after his fight was stopped last November?

The guy has no class. You just can't touch a referee. Everyone in his corner should have been gentlemen about it, because Judah did get knocked out. If the referee would have let the fight go, Judah could have been hurt a lot worse than he already was.

Are you into phone sex?

Oh yeah, and I'm pretty good at it. It would sound something like this: "So why don't you come over, and I'll lick you like you've never been licked before. I'd start out by putting my tongue in your butt, just to loosen it up, and then work my way down to your pussy."

Are you into anal sex?

I love it. I have it at least twice a day.

Are you sexually creative?

I have this one thing where a woman will stand on her head and spread her legs and then I'll either make love to her from that position or go down on her. It depends on the mood.

Have the events of September 11 changed you in any way?

I definitely have a greater appreciation for life.

Are you pleased with the job that President Bush has done?

I think he's done a great job. He's been very aggressive. I just would have liked to see ground attacks done sooner.

Do you believe in the Big Bang?

I believe in Nostradamus. He predicted a giant bird would hit twin towers. He also had a prediction about people following who they think is a good man, and it turns out to be the devil. That has bin Laden written all over it.

Have you ever videotaped yourself having sex with someone?

Many times.

Do you wear boxers or briefs under boxing trunks, and would the women be impressed?

I don't wear anything but a cup under my boxing trunks. I'm pretty sure, Michael-Ann, that if those shorts fall down, you're going to be running toward me, not away.

How long do you avoid sex prior to a big fight?

I don't have sex for about two months prior to a fight. I'll be honest: When you're training hard for a fight you really don't think about sex. Once the fight is over, though, I'm like a caged animal.

What was the most devastating punch you've been hit with?

I was hit with an uppercut from Rafael Ruelas, and my eardrum felt like it blew up. He was one guy who hurt me physically. I did go on to knock him out.

Who is someone you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley?

Anyone with a gun. But in truth anyone who meets me in a dark alley should be scared of *me*. A stranger doesn't have a clue how powerful my hands really are.

If you had a son, would you want him to be a boxer?

I'd like him to *know* boxing, but I wouldn't want him to be a boxer. It's not the life I'd want for my son.

What's something an opponent said to you that got you fired up?

I can't remember the guy's name, but during a prefight press conference he said, "You're going to be very easy to hit." I got the last laugh when I knocked him out.

Would Mike Tyson rather be disqualified than lose a fight?

That's what he did with Holyfield. He figured he'd rather cheat and get disqualified then get knocked out on national TV. He just didn't take it like a man.

Who's one boxing analyst or writer that you would like to get into the ring?

Michael Katz. He's a wise guy. Sometimes he deserves to be smacked. The guy has been wearing a neck brace for the last ten years. I'm not sure if he's really hurt or if he wears it so people like me will feel sorry for him and not try to do any further damage.

Do you have any superstitions?

I won't let anyone touch me on my way out to the ring. I just don't want any potential negative energy coming in contact with me.

Who has the worst attitude in boxing?

[No answer]

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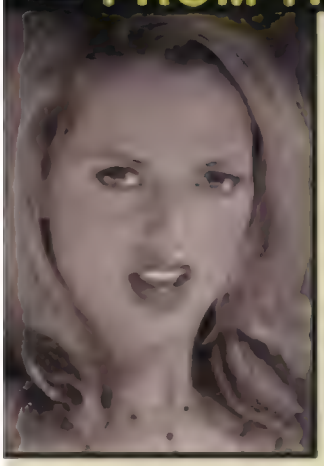

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
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Oral Seduction

I am a 34-year-old divorced male. I have been married twice and have had my fair share of sexual experiences. Just about all of them have been very good for me (and, from what I could tell, for my lovers too). One thing I have always really enjoyed is giving oral pleasure to a woman. Actually, that's rather an understatement: I love it, fantasize about it, write about it. It could be a power thing, but mostly I just love being able to make a woman feel so good—to feel her orgasm against my mouth. I enjoy intercourse too, but oral sex in particular excites me tremendously.

Lately, though, I have been fantasizing about having one-time encounters with anonymous women. The idea of making a lady feel so incredible, and not demanding anything from her in return, sends a surge of endorphins through me. But several questions come to mind.

What does this desire say about me? I am not a particularly submissive person, but when it comes to giving oral sex, I suppose I am. Is this passion for oral sex very common in men? Is there a way to make this fantasy a reality without making a total ass of myself? I have thought of going to a dance club, finding a woman who attracts me, and giving her a simple note that says something like, "I think you're beautiful. Would you let me go down on you? Nothing else. You don't have to do anything." The women's restroom would work just fine for carrying out such a tryst.

Is this scenario something that your average woman might go for? Could I get into trouble doing this? What would you recommend? My experience with women has been that, without exception, they really love oral sex. Several women have told me I was the first person they were ever able to achieve orgasm with in that way, so I am confident in my ability to at least make it pleasant for the lady. I know that for most guys an anonymous woman offering a blowjob is excellent fantasy material, but I would not necessarily assume that the reverse would hold true for a woman.

Do women fantasize about receiving oral sex as much as men do? Can oral sex be as fulfilling for a woman as it is for a man? For men, it can be (but is not always) extremely erotic—but purely sexual, without the emotional bonds usually associated with intercourse.

If my suggested approach is successful, the question that comes to mind is this: Could I contract a sexually transmitted disease orally? I hope this does not sound ignorant, but I do not want to put myself at risk.

I hope you can answer my questions. If it weren't for your column, I would not know of anyone else I could turn to.—C.J., Texas

A friend of mine told me a story about a bar in the south of Spain that he used to frequent. One day a girlfriend of his complained to the owner that there was an insalubrious character lurking outside the ladies' toilet and accosting the women with "You want fucky-fucky?" The barman promptly threw the unsavory jerk out in the street.

A few days later my friend bumped into the same toilet haunter in another bar, but did not recognize him until he had started a conversation with him. When he realized to whom he was speaking, my friend asked him why he was such an asshole to women. The guy told him the reason was simple: About one out of five women says yes.

Your proposed method of seduction is not very different from this crude approach, but you have to remember that this incident took place in a European seaside tourist resort.

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We all know from movies that sending the waiter across to a pretty woman at another table seldom works. It is only the oral pickup line that produces results. However, if you were to try the Spanish technique in Texas, substituting "licky-licky" or "sucky-sucky" for the old in-and-outy, the success rate might well be the same. The problem is that in the USA, the risk of a sexual-harassment suit, or a bullet in the balls, is considerably greater.

Getting your own Website with a clever name might get you somewhere but when you arrange a sexual dalliance on the Internet, there is always the chance that your correspondent will turn out to be a vice cop.

Your best bet is probably to use a standard pickup line. Then, having gotten your quarry to settle down and accept a drink or a fancy meal, tell her exactly what you want her to do, which is to just lie back and enjoy. It also might be clever to present the project as your personal problem that you need help with. If she doesn't like the idea of being your therapist, she can always get up and walk away.

A Mexican oral-sex-maniac friend of mine places Saran Wrap over the vagina when giving oral sex to gringas—which to my mind is like eating candy without removing the wrapper, but it is certainly a marvelously antiseptic method for guarding against STDs.

I think your chance of HIV infection from vaginal secretions is extremely unlikely, unless the woman is menstruating. Colds are the most common ailments to be transmitted sexually. But you also stand the risk of catching herpes, so if she has any pimples or sores in or around her vagina, you best leave it alone. If you are really so concerned about catching some disease, then you should give up the whole idea.

Submissive

It took me months to realize why a recent experience turned me on as much as it did.

I had changed my insurance and was assigned a new physician, a beautiful woman doctor whose first order of business was to give me a physical exam.

Talk about role reversal! She did all the talking and all the touching. I was told to put on a gown. It felt to me as if I were wearing a dress of some sort. She had me lie down on my back, and then gave me a breast exam. She explained that men over 40 should get them, and it was not that unusual for men my age to develop problems in the breasts. I have always considered that area as my chest, or pecs. When she spoke of it as breasts, I got turned on. She felt my nipples, and they got hard. It is where I have always loved to be touched but never asked.

The doctor felt my belly and armpits before she asked me to stand up. Then she lifted the hem of my gown and had me hold it up. She lowered my underpants and examined my balls. Needless to say, I felt some lead go into my pencil. She told me to turn around and lean forward, elbows on the table. With her bare hands, she spread the cheeks of my ass and made a visual inspection of my anus and balls before she slid an index finger into my rectum.

The reason I say this was a role reversal for me was because I was always the one to remove the clothing and feel up my girlfriends. In this case, it was me who was being felt up, top and bottom.

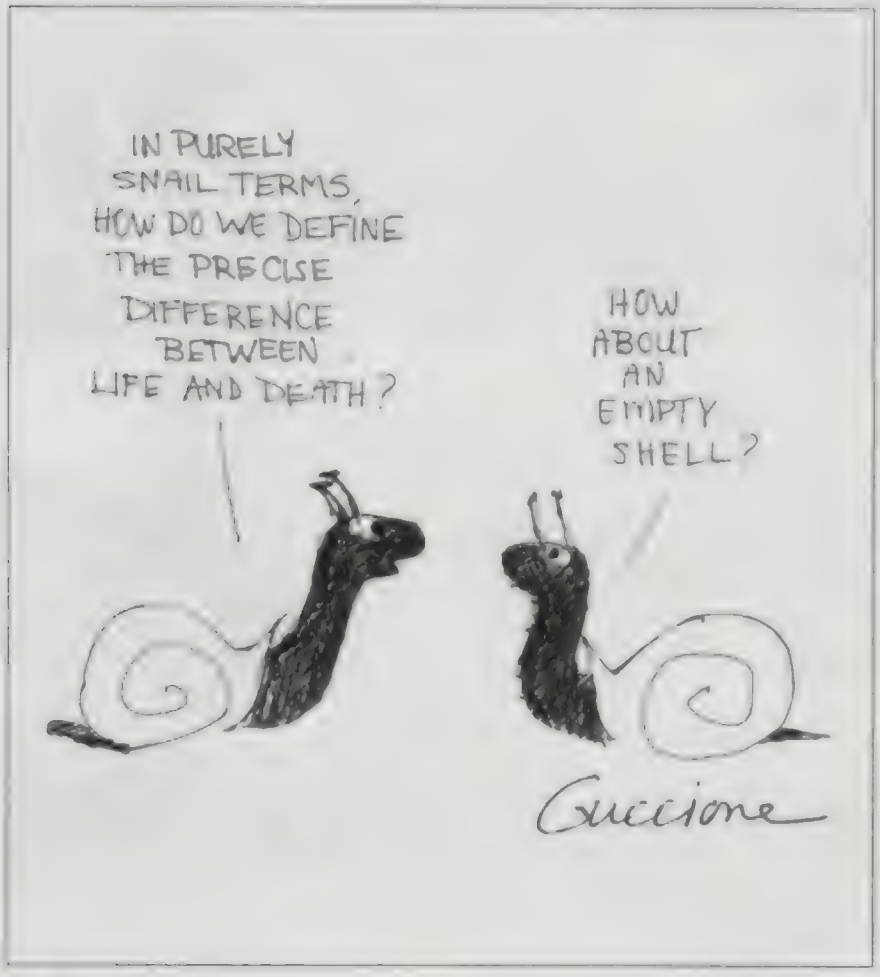
The exam took place months ago, and I did not immediately realize it had turned me on so much. I later dreamed about it and relived the experience as I jerked off. I've since gone to a good massage parlor and paid for a full body treatment by the masseuse. I had her massage my breasts and buttocks before I turned over and had her massage my balls and cock. I experienced such an intense orgasm that I hit myself in the face with my own jism.

During my life I have always felt as if the girl were letting me have my way with her and not loving it as I did. In many cases it seemed as if the girl were doing me a favor letting me fuck her. I have never had a woman have an orgasm while I was thrusting my cock in her. I've only been able to make them come by oral sex, or by using my finger. I think this may be the reason that I like the girl to be the aggressor and to do most of the work. It may also be the reason that I want to be penetrated anally by women. I have found that the best sex I've had was in the massage parlor. I received all of the pleasure without having to perform.

I like taking the woman's submissive role during sexual encounters. I have done a little cross-dressing—bra and panties only. I don't want to be mistaken for a woman. I know from your column that men who enjoy cross-dressing and role reversal are not necessarily gay. I know that I want to have sex with women only.

What is your take on men who enjoy taking the submissive role in relationships, and want to be penetrated anally by women?—O.T., Massachusetts

There are many different forms of submissiveness in men. There are men who naturally take on the role of housewife, who do the cooking, change the diapers, and scrub the floors. There are others who are genuine masochists who like to be dragged around on a chain and punished for the slightest



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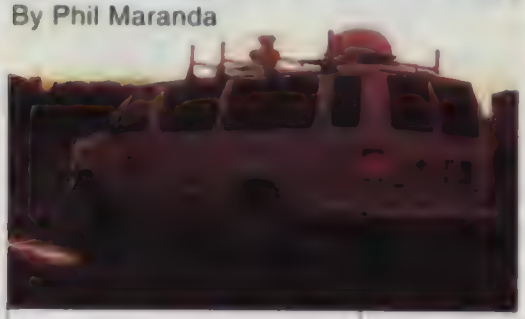
STORM HUNTERS

By Phil Maranda



"This is a predicament you don't really want to be in," Blake Naftel says, gesturing toward a television. He and about 20 other people, myself included, are reviewing footage of a van veering off a road and getting stuck in a thick sea of mud.

This video we're watching—of intense lightning flashes, of car windows being blown out by giant hail, of violent thunderstorms raining damnation on people struggling to film the action—is received with cries of "Holy shit!" .. particularly when a twister appears onscreen. But Naftel, a veteran storm chaser, is more reserved, he understands the seriousness of the situation, having seen firsthand the havoc that can tear through Anytown, USA, when a megastorm strikes. As one of a rare group of brave (or crazy, depending on how you look at it) individuals considered to be the frontline soldiers in the battle against killer storms, Naftel has lived through all kinds of weather terror. Armed with such sophisticated equipment as a truck-mounted Doppler radar (which sends out microwave energy to monitor both the motion and precipitation in a thunderstorm) and satellite-tracking systems connected to laptop computers, chasers are able to stay hot on a storm's trail. With their high-tech wizardry supplementing the Weather Channel's latest updates, they can ascertain for themselves the structure of a storm and when and where a tornado will form by measuring how fast rain or hail is moving. Once they've found a target they move in, sometimes dangerously close, reporting their information to local weather services and recording data in an effort to unravel the mysteries that lie within violent supercell thunderstorms.

It seems as if hardly a year goes by without some U.S. town getting hammered by the severe weather conditions associated with supercell thunderstorms. These deadly phenomena are known to produce baseball-size hail, flash floods, lightning, and, in extreme cases, tornadoes. Every year more than a thousand twisters touch down and tear across the landscapes of America. Although these explosive funnels of rapidly moving air usually last less than ten minutes, they have been known to stay on the ground much longer, reach rotating speeds of 200-plus miles an hour, cause damage to property in the billions of dollars, and on occasion kill people.

To get the inside track on storm chasing without getting killed or maimed by going out on my own, I traveled to Oklahoma City to join one of Todd Thorn's 12-day Storm Chasing Adventure Tours through Tornado Alley. The Alley is

"Take cover now! A tornado is on the ground!" Most people hear these words and panic. Storm chasers pack up their gear and hit the road to track down the fury.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

where the nastiest twisters are most likely to occur. Every year, from April through July, the majority of storm chasers in North America flock to the Alley's Great Plains states—chiefly Oklahoma, Kansas, Texas, and Iowa—to hunt down its storms.

Thorn, owner and operator of the tour, is a ten-year veteran of the storm-chasing wars. He started the company in 1997 so that he could finance his spending whole seasons in the Alley. His first year in business he ran four tours and attracted only 19 customers; this year he's got about 20 people booked for each of six tours. Three chase vehicles are on hand to handle the load.

Todd Thorn (below) is a frontline soldier in the storm-chasing wars. He has spent ten years pursuing violent weather in Tornado Alley.

After a day of preparation that included watching videos like the one tour driver Blake Naftel had shown, we hit the road. Clear blue skies loom large above us and the Rolling Stones blare from the CD player as Adventure Tours' three vehicles roll northeast on Interstate 35, in the direction of Iowa, roughly 400 miles away. There is a group of thunderstorms passing through Iowa, and even if we miss those, Thorn figures we'll be in a good position for extreme weather the following day.

Our motley crew of adventurers is hard to miss. The two white vans and the Ford Excursion that carry us are adorned with bright orange stickers with black twisters cutting through the centers, and the roof of Thorn's van is loaded down with an array of antennae. Each is hooked up to a device in the vehicle that can pick up everything from the National Weather Service to lightning strikes 300 miles away. There's also a satellite-tracking dome antenna for picking up Weather Channel broadcasts.

By the time we reach Iowa, an hour before sunset, we can see the gray masses of dissipating storms that have been pounding parts of the state for most of the day. Thorn and Naftel agree that there is still some action in the distant supercell thunderstorms—long-lasting storms with areas of intense rotation—and that if we hurry we might just get a good look. Unfortunately their hunch doesn't pan out. It takes more than an hour to get anywhere near the retreating storms, which are moving away from us at more than 50 miles an hour.

The days pass slowly as we search for the elusive supercell thunderstorm and the even more elusive tornado, and each town, city, and state blur into the next. We spot only a few storms during our first week in the field, and though we mount some valiant chases, we never catch up to any of them. I am told by a tourmate who joined this hunt the year before that storm chasing "is maybe 95 percent boredom—you know, riding in the vans and covering great distances—and five percent sheer terror."

On our eighth day, back down in Oklahoma, just as I have resigned myself to the idea that the terror part won't catch up with us, there is a different kind of electricity in the air. The weather seems just a little more promising than it has all week. Thorn does his usual voodoo act with the radar equipment, gathering information from the Weather Channel, then confirms it with a buddy via cell phone. We'd planned to target an area around the town of Ardmore, Oklahoma, but after further investigation, Thorn and Naftel decide we stand a better chance of seeing some action if we go a little farther to the northeast, just south of Tulsa.

When we arrive at that target area, the inflow winds created by blossoming supercells are rocking the vans. Rain is beginning to pound the earth, and I can see sporadic lightning strikes in the distance. Within minutes the weather radio is issuing a severe storm

warning and a tornado watch for the whole region. This is the five percent I was told about, I tell myself as Thorn and Naftel go into chase mode. We head east toward Arkansas on Highway 9, plunging ourselves right into the heart of the storms. This is known as "punching the core," and for good reason. We soon find ourselves in the midst of one of the largest tornado outbreaks of the year.

As we drive deeper into the tempest, afternoon light wanes into a darkness as of night. Each lightning flash is followed by booming thunderclaps, like bombs going off beside us. A little farther down the road we encounter real wreckage. A path has been cut through a group of trees on one side of the highway and continues on the other. Naftel confirms my suspicions. "A tornado passed through here just a little while ago," he shouts over the thunder. "That's the damage path we're seeing."

The farther we go, the more damage we see. The sky grows darker and the wind blows the rain horizontally, slamming into our vehicles in a machine-gun staccato. Then we hear what we've all been waiting for, blasted over the weather radio by a digital voice: "Storm spotters have reported a tornado on Stidham Road between Stidham and Highway 9! Persons on or near Lake Eufaula need to take cover now, especially in the vicinity of Fountainhead State Park! Onapa, Stidham, Vivian, Rainford, Hanna, and Eufaula are in the path of the storm! This is a very dangerous storm! A tornado is on the ground! If you are near the path, go to a safe place now! If no underground shelter is available on a lower floor, go to an interior room away from windows!"

The adrenaline rush that makes chasing so appealing to storm junkies begins coursing through my veins as we charge after the first tornado of our trip. Thorn and Naftel work frantically in the front of the van, checking maps and listening to the weather radio to calculate where we might be able to catch up to the tornado. All the while they are trying to keep the van on the road and look out for other funnels that might sneak up on us.

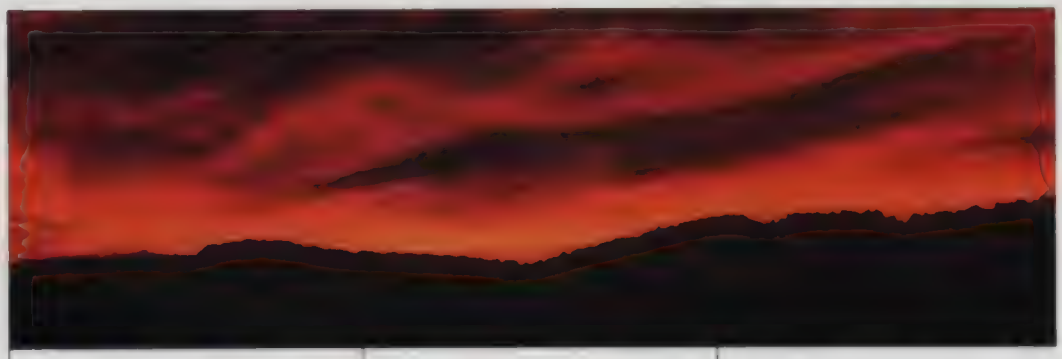
The rain is blinding; at times we can't see more than a hundred yards in any direction. By the time we draw near to Stidham, much to everyone's dismay, the tornado we are after is already gone. This is the bane of any storm chaser's existence—usually a step behind or ahead, a day late and a dollar short.

But then we hear of another twister on the ground—moving directly into our path. As quickly as it had arrived, my disappointment changes to panic. Naftel and Thorn are concerned that the tornado might be "rain wrapped" (this occurs when heavy cloud cover and precipitation are sucked in by the tornado, obscuring the view) and therefore can't be seen. We might thus run smack into it—which could be fatal.

When we cross a bridge near the town of Eufaula, I look at the lake below. A mile-wide cloud, ominous and black, hangs like a curtain in the sky. It is barely 200 feet above the turbulent water, and seems to be moving quite slowly in comparison to the rest of the storm. Any one of the 25 tornadoes

"By the time we reach Stigler the town looks like a war zone. Trees and telephone poles lie strewn like matchsticks."

VIEW FROM THE TOP



The chasers are ordered to get out from underneath the canopy that hangs over the gas pumps. "The wind is threatening to tear the roof off and drop it on our heads."

reported this day might be hidden near or within its gray mass.

The storm's fury grows worse. Shortly after we cross the bridge, Thorn pulls to the side of the road. The wind has reached more than 100 miles an hour. It rocks the vehicles violently. A couple of inches of water cover the ground, and lightning continues to flash around us. Apprehension begins to mount—even in the faces of our trusted leaders—and for the first time since we started on the chase, I hear something that convinces me we might be in danger.

"I'm not sure what we should do," Naftel says to Thorn. "I'm not sure either," Thorn says. But *I* know what to do—we should get the hell out of here! Just as I am about to voice this opinion, they decide that our best bet is not to turn back or stay where we are, but to continue on through the heart of the tempest and try to make it to the other side—hopefully out of harm's way.

We press onward toward Stigler, the only other vehicles on the road are those of emergency services and other storm chasers. Constant warnings of new thunderstorms with possible tornadoes moving through the area blare over the weather radio. Then, up ahead, bright flashes fill the black sky, and a red glow hovers in front of us. "Those are power transformers on telephone poles blowing up," Naftel says.

By the time we reach Stigler the town looks like a war zone. Trees and telephone poles lie strewn like matchsticks. Windows have been blown out of buildings. As we pass through the center of town, we dodge a roof ripped off from a nearby house. But Thorn isn't stopping. He seems determined to push forward. With the other two vehicles trailing close behind, we speed out of the crushed town and even deeper into the storms.

It isn't long before we need to fuel up. We pass a couple of closed gas stations before finally finding one that's open. But just as we do, a panicked voice booms over the radio. It is Dave Gamble, a tour driver visiting from England, ordering us from his nearby vehicle to get out from underneath the canopy that hangs over the gas pumps. The strong wind is threatening to tear the roof right off and drop it on our heads. It seems Dawn Benko, another tour driver, has noticed that the canopy is about to be torn off. She begins yelling at Gamble, "Tell them to back the fuck up! Tell them!"

Thorn and Naftel get us the hell out of there.

Another half hour passes before we arrive at a safer location, where we fuel up and get out of the vehicles to look at the lightning. The supercell thunderstorms have died down a little, at least for the time being. We will be on tornado watch into the wee hours of the following morning.

My group of storm hunters passed through 12 states in 12 days, covering more than 5,000 miles. From Oklahoma we'd traveled as far north as Minneapolis and as far south as Galveston, Texas. I never got to see a tornado, but living through the megastorm made me plenty aware that I would never again look up at the sky and perceive a fluffy white cloud in quite the same way.

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BY ART CUMINGS

"And I thought we had seen the end of the West Nile virus!"

Keeping Safe

Staying Free

This is America's most difficult challenge: We must not allow the terrorists to win either by destroying us or by destroying what we stand for.

Illustration by
Roberto Parada

ONE OF THE AIMS OF TERRORISM IS TO FRIGHTEN people into surrendering their civil liberties and welcoming a police state. This goal is often achieved because many citizens prefer security to liberty, even during times of tranquility, and many governments are all too willing to use the fear of terrorism as justification for imposing more control over their citizens. Public-opinion polls strongly suggest a willingness—indeed an apparent eagerness—of many people to give up their civil liberties at the first sign of danger, in the name of unity and safety.

The immediate aftermath of the suicide terrorism of September 11, 2001, illuminates the danger of this phenomenon even in a nation as historically steeped in the pursuit of liberty as ours is. Although our vulnerability to these mass murders was mostly the result of human errors—intelligence and security failures, rather than inadequate laws—the first reaction in Washington was to urge a massive overhaul of our legal system, especially of our rights. Conservative politicians immediately called for Americans to compromise civil liberties in the name of security. Legislation was introduced to expand wiretapping authority, extend the time limits on detention of suspects, stiffen penalties for terrorists and their accessories, and authorize the seizure of assets and secret searches of e-mail. Liberal politicians (along with some right-wing libertarians) sought

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compromises, including sunset provisions to repair the damage at some future date. In the end, political compromise was enacted that gave a little to each side without doing very much to protect the safety of the American people.

In addition, law-enforcement authorities detained hundreds of Arab- and Muslim-Americans on the basis of little more than suspicion and ethnic profiling. And such profiling was not limited to government officials. Private security guards, airline personnel, and ordinary citizens have become understandably suspicious of foreign-looking people, especially young men, who fit the physical stereotype of the terrorist. Attorney General John Ashcroft has announced an "aggressive detention" policy under which anyone suspected of association with terrorists will be arrested for even minor offenses—he mentioned spitting on the street—and held until it can be determined that they have had no involvement with terrorist acts or plans. Though there have been some protests from the ACLU and other groups, the general public and a large majority of politicians seem to be accepting all this without much protest.

A Checkered History

Although our civics books and Fourth of July orations are filled with the rhetoric of liberty, our actual past is one of quick surrender to the forces of authority during emergencies. Times of crisis—wars, insurrections, even labor strikes—have provoked calls for extraordinary restrictions on liberty, up to and including declarations of martial law and suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.

The great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, was also a great incarcerator. He suspended writ of habeas corpus during the Civil War, thus opening many civilians to trial by military courts, with no judicial review. In the early part of the twentieth century, martial law was declared by several state governors to break strikes by unpopular labor unions. During the First World War, political dissenters and draft resisters were imprisoned. It was in that context that even the great Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes upheld the imprisonment of those who were employing entirely lawful means to criticize the war and the draft. His inept analogy to "falsely shouting fire in a theater" became an open-Sesame for repression. Following that war, the Palmer raids resulted in the imprisonment and deportation of many left-wing immigrants who were merely exercising their freedom of speech to protest capitalism and advocate socialism.

Perhaps the worst surrender of civil liberties occurred after our entry into the Second World War, when a liberal President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, urged on by the liberal California Attorney General Earl Warren, authorized the detention of 110,000 Japanese-Americans, many of them citizens, in camps far away from their homes. FBI records indicate that there was not a single case of espionage or sabotage by an American resident of Japanese ancestry before, during, or after the war, but that clean sheet would not have satisfied a hysterical population with deep-rooted racial antagonisms. Indeed, Earl Warren expressed the Alice in Wonderland view that it was the very absence of sabotage that was "the most ominous sign in our whole situation," convincing him that the sabotage the fifth-column activities that we are to get, are timed just like Pearl Harbor," and that the inaction of Japanese-Americans was deliberately designed to lull us "into a false sense of security."

During the Cold War, McCarthyism trampled on our liberties, as even liberal senators demanded the detention of Communists and the declaration of a national state of emergency. The Kennedy administration authorized J. Edgar Hoover to install in Martin Luther King Jr.'s hotel room a "national security" wiretap and bug that picked up conversations between the civil-rights leader and a white woman with whom he was having an affair. In the late 1960s, student demonstrations provoked a call for qualified martial law by then-Assistant Attorney General—now Chief Justice—William Rhenquist.

It is a credit to our nation that we seem to learn from our most serious mistakes. In the wake of the September 11 disaster, no responsible politicians have called for the mass detention of Arab- or Muslim-Americans, the suspension of writ of habeas corpus, or for severe restrictions on freedom of speech. Most of the demands—at least initially—were for calibrated compromises of existing rights, and the governmental response has been relatively mild, at least when compared with the past.

Now President Bush has unilaterally asserted the authority to try in front of a military tribunal any noncitizen suspected of complicity with Al Qaeda. This order is not limited to foreign combatants captured on the battlefields of Afghanistan, but extends to long-term residents of the United States who pay taxes and would be subject to the military draft. The order provides for secret trials before military officers who are subordinate to the commander-in-chief—the man who levels the charges. The death penalty can be imposed on the basis of a two-thirds (rather than a unanimous) vote, and there is no provision for judicial review.

This edict, which reflects deep distrust of the American system of civilian justice, has generated considerable criticism even from some conservative Republicans. President Bush has insisted that secret military trials are necessary if we are to keep the enemy from learning the sources of our information. But provisions already exist in civilian courts for balancing the need to protect national security *and* the rights of people charged with crime.

In addition to the Bush order, Attorney General Ashcroft has authorized the Justice Department to monitor lawyer-client conversations with detainees suspected of using their lawyers to convey orders to fellow terrorists. No warrant or probable cause is required for such

Guidelines for a new World War

What We Should Do Immediately

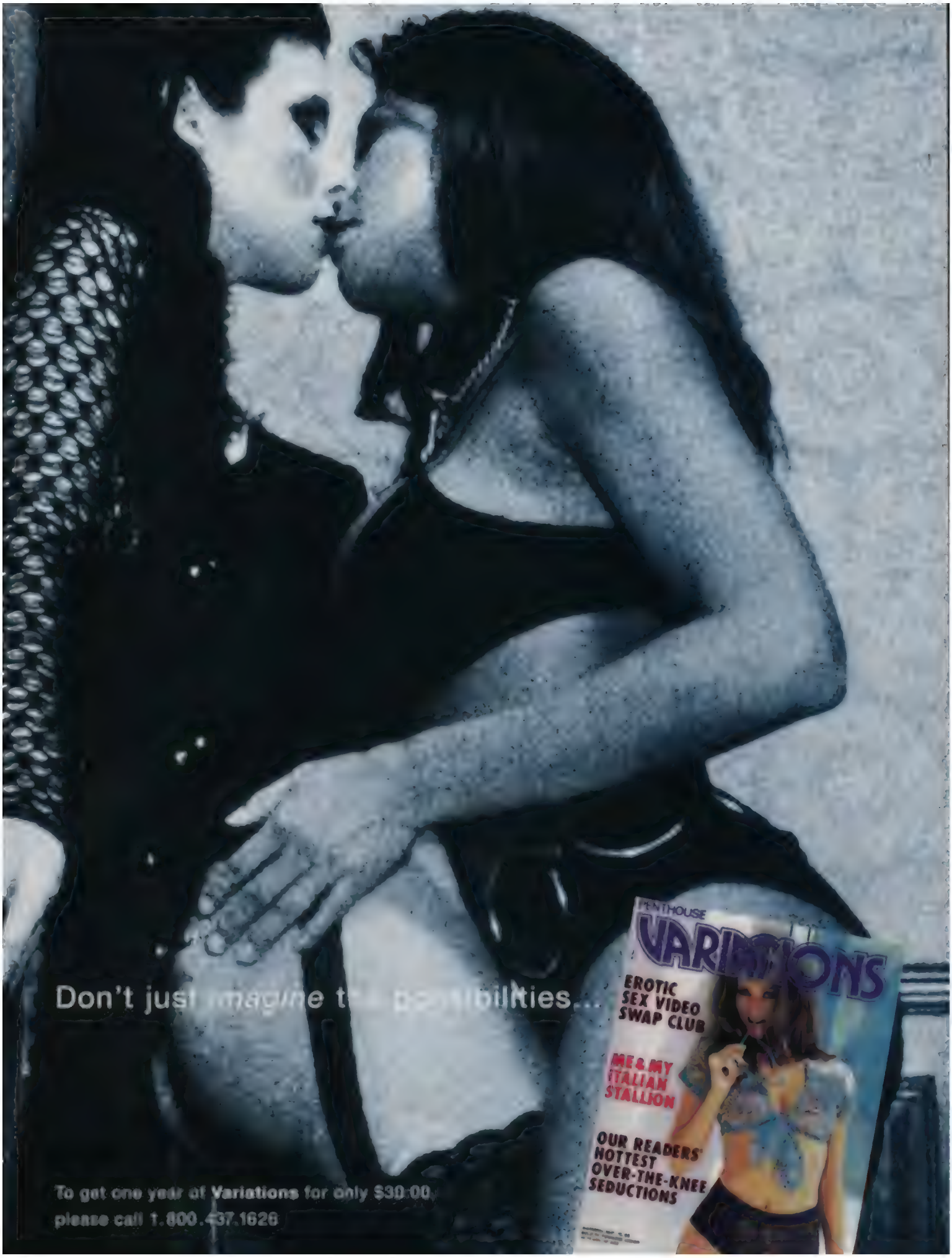
- Issue foolproof national ID cards
- Install face-recognition technology at airports, stadiums, and government buildings
- Update medical quarantine laws
- Employ roving wiretaps based on probable cause
- Develop public-health responses to bioterrorism
- Mandate tighter airport security, including X-rays of all checked luggage
- Cut off terrorist money networks
- Infiltrate terrorist groups
- Develop phrase-recognition and concept-recognition technology for wiretaps
- Institute more accurate tracking of visitors and noncitizens

What We Should Not Do

- Unlimited detention of suspects
- Denial of counsel to detained suspects
- Routine torture of suspects
- Racial detention
- Limit dissent or protest
- Issue unreasonable restrictions on immigration
- Create an unlimited database
- Mandate unlimited authority to request identification
- Punish relatives or friends of terrorists
- Give in to demands of terrorists, thereby encouraging others

What We Should Do Discreetly

- Administering truth serum to immunized suspects
- Issuing torture warrants in "ticking bomb" cases
- Punishing relatives or friends who have encouraged or incited terrorists
- Targeted assassination of terrorists planning future actions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monitoring. All that is needed is a claim of suspicion by the attorney general.

Ashcroft has sought to justify this intrusion into lawyer-client privilege by claiming that it would be used sparingly. He did not explain why the normal procedure of seeking a search warrant from a judge, based on probable cause, would not adequately serve our national needs, without compromising constitutional rights. In his testimony before Congress in December, the attorney general went beyond merely defending the administration's actions. He lashed out at those patriotic Americans who have criticized the administration's treatment of noncitizens, accusing those critics of aiding terrorism and giving "ammunition" to America's enemies and pause to America's friends.

This kind of attack is reminiscent of Senator Joseph McCarthy's charges that those loyal Americans who criticized his tactics were soft on communism. It turns out that it is *Ashcroft* who is soft on terrorism, at least when it comes to gun control and airline security. The attorney general has been unwilling to alienate the gun lobby and the airline lobby, since both are major contributors to the Republican Party. He turned down an FBI request to check Justice Department records to determine whether any of the 1,200 people it was detaining had ever bought a gun. Though he is willing to detain these individuals, he is unwilling to violate their "privacy" by allowing the FBI to look at their gun-purchase records. Nor has the administration been willing to press for tough security measures of the kind the Europeans and Israelis require, because they may cut into airline profits. The war against terrorism is being fought on partisan grounds, with the administration's right hand tied behind its back.

In 1986 I wrote an article for this magazine about what I hoped would be "an unlikely hypothetical scenario." I postulated the possibility that someday an evil terrorist mastermind might "unleash suicide terrorists on innocent civilians in the United States."

"What if bombs were planted in Boston movie theaters? What if machine gun-toting fanatics started shooting up the La Guardia and O'Hare airport terminals? What if terrorists poisoned the Los Angeles drinking water? What if a team of assassins killed several high-ranking executive, legislative and judicial officials in Washington?"

I then posed the question: "How would American law-enforcement authorities respond to massive threats of terrorism?" I tried to answer by reference to our past, cataloging "some of the more moderate emergency measures we could realistically expect" if suicide squads began to operate in this country. Such measures included:

"Substantial restrictions on immigration and on the rights of aliens, especially [those] from certain parts of the world.

"The instituting of mandatory internal passports or some other form of identification papers to be carried by all individuals in the United States.

"FBI infiltration of political organizations sympathetic to terrorist goals.

"Extensive wiretapping, bugging, and surveillance of suspected terrorists and their associates.

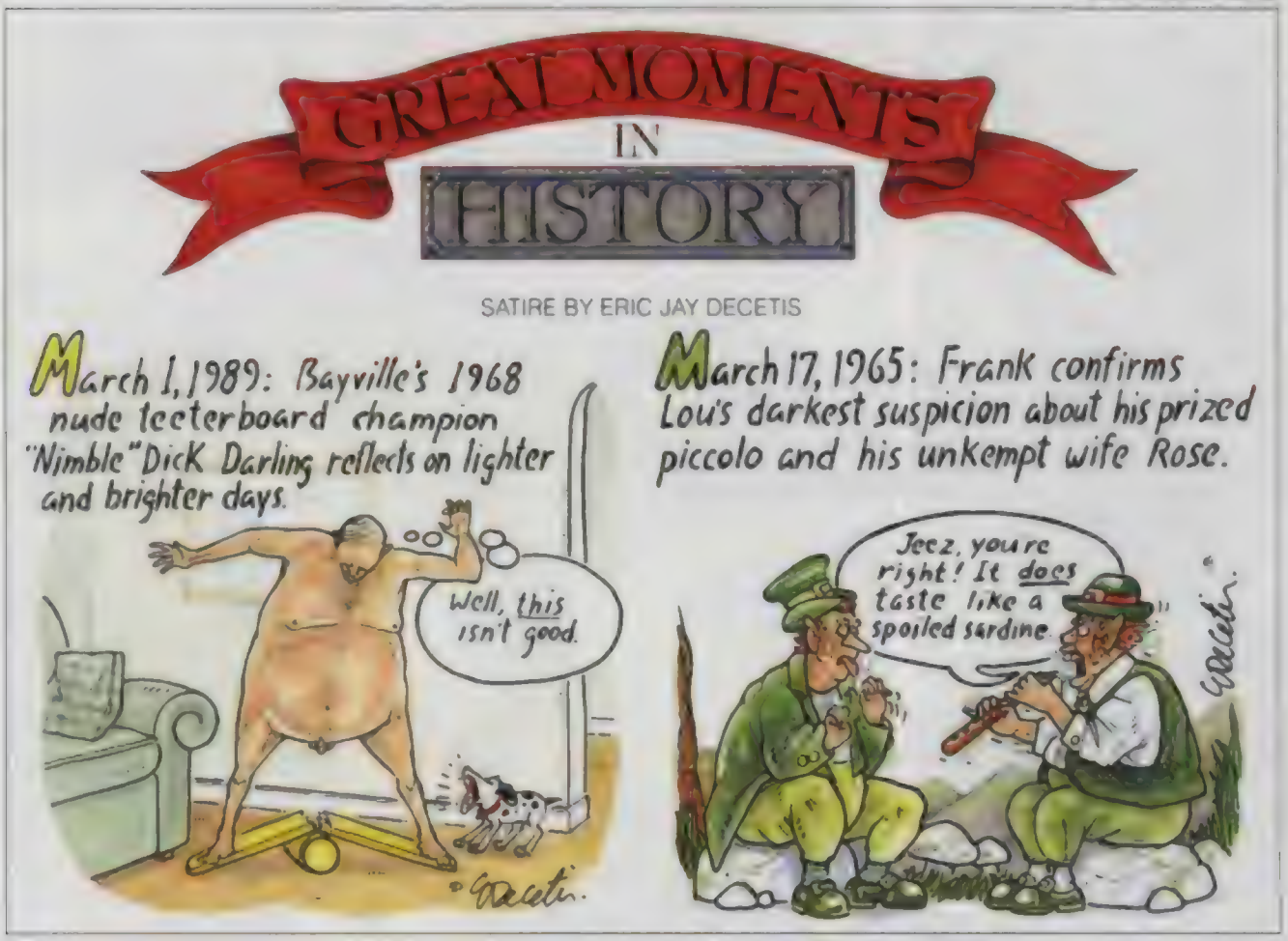
"Detention of suspected terrorists.

"Governmental controls over the dissemination of information about terrorist activities.

"Increased security checks, roadblocks, and searches near theaters, restaurants, and other public gathering places."

My predictions have proved generally correct—so far. Most of the restrictions lately imposed on civil liberties, though controversial, are generally consistent with the rule of law. Several are not.

But what if matters were to get considerably worse? What if bioterrorism were to expand from sporadic outbreaks of anthrax to the systematic spread of lethal diseases?



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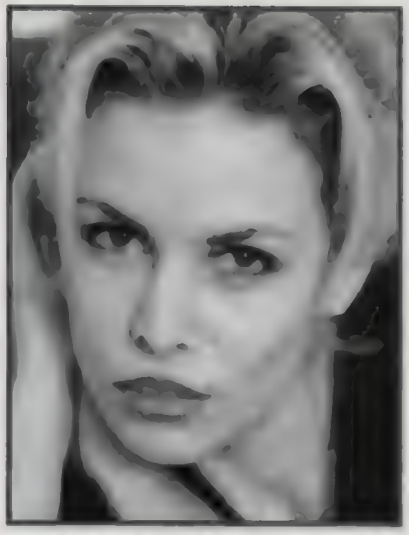
67% of Women Say They're *UNHAPPY* With The Size Of Their Lover's Penis...



Muscles, Money, and Looks help, but women want a "bigger" man.

The Average Penis Size Is Just 6 Inches... But Who Wants To Be "Just Average"?

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates *Revolutionary* Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1"... 2"... 3"... or more in just a few short weeks! *(with absolutely no adverse side-effects)*

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me... I'll make it worth your while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most *controversial* product is called LONGitude and by simply taking 2 LONGitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try LONGitude have great success, growing 1"... 2"... 3"... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on LONGitude. I am extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of LONGitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried LONGitude personally.

Let Me Explain How LONGitude Works... It'll Help Convince You...

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

(next page please...)

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When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product LONGitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). LONGitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on LONGitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the way your penis hangs and feels when erect.

LONGitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

LONGitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember for the rest of her life!

100% Natural & Safe LONGitude Will:

- ***Strengthen and harden your erections like a length of STEEL PIPE!***
- Develop your PC Muscle to form a truly "muscular" looking penis that will impress and arouse your lover. I guarantee they'll brag to their friends.
- ***Enlarge your penis 1-4" or more AT HOME, without vacuum pumps, weights, or surgery.***
- Intensify your orgasms.
- ***Achieve more powerful thrusting ability.***
- Last as long as you want without drugs.
- ***Achieve ROCK HARD erections any time you want... your lover won't believe it!***
- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking LONGitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits your penis to the size it is now. LONGitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis... That's The Average Size LONGitude is made for men that are NOT HAPPY WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try LONGitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of LONGitude (60 capsules) costs just $59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of LONGitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying LONGitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our 30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where *we'll even refund your shipping cost*... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" LONGitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look- pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be on enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. **You decide**.

And by the way... LONGitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,

Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
creators of LONGitude
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try" LONGitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better *"equipped"* than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus if you are one of the first 250 men to try LONGitude risk-free... You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a $20 discount off every future bottle of LONGitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just $39.95, plus shipping - that's $20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on LONGitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments. There is no minimum amount of bottles to buy and you can cancel shipments at any time. And if you take us up on our 30-day money back guarantee, your credit card will never be billed again.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's the perfect size. When it reaches it's optimum size, stop taking LONGitude. You do not have to take LONGitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking LONGitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have:

What Is LONGitude?
LONGitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%

How Does LONGitude Work?
LONGitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size

Are Their Any Negative Side-Effects?
Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more

How Do I Take LONGitude?
Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?
Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. LONGitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?
LONGitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks

How Long Should I Take LONGitude?
Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle

What Are The Ingredients of LONGitude?
LONGitude is a propretary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginine, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Liconce Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng

To *"try"* LONGitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE 1-800-518-3492 (anytime 24 hours a day) *or...* Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some *DRAMATIC* before and after photos!!!

"I tried to tell him ... A four-leaf clover isn't as lucky as a condom."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Tommy Chong, half of the **Cheech and Chong** team famous for a series of drug-laced comedy movies of the 1970s and eighties, now runs a glass factory with his son. "We make glass incense burners," Chong said. "They look like bongs, but they are officially incense burners."

A NIGHT ALONE WITH THE MEDELLIN CARTEL TO...

David Letterman, who remarked of the Miss Universe Pageant, "You know what has really gotten impressive? The talent competition. For example, Miss Colombia, she swallowed 50 balloons of heroin." Letterman later apologized to gorgeous **Andrea Noceti,** Miss Colombia, for making the joke on his late-night show.

THE EVER-DEEPENING GARY BUSEY MYSTERY

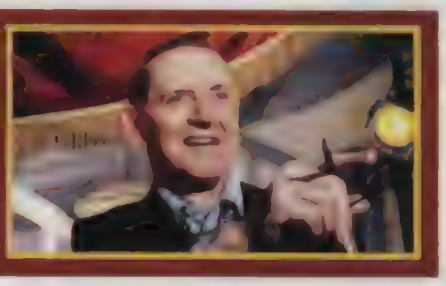
Following a largely incoherent monologue during an appearance on the **Howard Stern** radio show, Stern told listeners that actor **Gary Busey** tried to burn him with a cigar. "I love Jewish screams," Busey said, then seized Stern's cohost, **Robin Quivers,** and feigned having sex with her on the studio floor until Stern and others wrestled him off. Busey's rep could not be reached for comment

GREAT. WE'LL BE THERE.

Actress Linda Hamilton, asked what she'd do on a day when she had absolutely no work, obligations, demands, or duties, said, "I would take a stack of books up to my hips and I'd read nonstop. And I'd be reading naked. How's that?"

YOU MAY NOW LICK THE BRIDE

Lee Day, the self-described "celebrated pet entertainer," is barking up a storm because, as she sees it, ABC ripped off her idea for dog weddings by having **Tony Randall** marry off **Joy Behar**'s canine on *The View*. She feels she has sole rights to the stunt of using her tuxedo-clad dachshund to help her officiate at dog weddings and "bark mitzvahs."



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

APPARENTLY

Tammy Faye Messner, former wife of disgraced TV evangelist **Jim Bakker**, in an address to attendees at a PrideFest gay-rights rally: "We've all been misunderstood. We've all been made fun of. God loves us just the way we are. I think God loves unique people."

WHY PROBATION DOESN'T WORK

Rapper Eminem, who's been on probation for a weapons conviction, told a concert crowd in Australia, "They almost didn't let me into your country—so I brought a gun with me. I'm kidding. I'm kidding—no, I'm not—I'm kidding!"

NOTED

Ethan Hawke, on cleanliness: "People should be careful to always wash their underwear every day to avoid diseases. With me, that's irrelevant because I don't wear underwear."

WORST NEW UNDERGARMENT IDEA

A Beverly Hills firm offers a brassiere with a built-in holster for a .38-caliber pistol plus a canister of pepper spray. "The holster is between the cups so that the gun is right in the cleavage area," says the designer—a former security guard for Yoko Ono.

Rosie O'Donnell, on the difficulty of establishing a relationship with **Madonna**: "How do you bond with Madonna? What do you say to her—'Hello, I have a vibrator'?"

GOOD QUESTION

EVERY MAN NEEDS A HOBBY

David Lynch, director of *Mulholland Drive*, on his new spare-time passion, still photography: "Last December I went to Poland and took pictures of these beautiful factories that are now derelict and falling down. And then I took photos of nudes at night. Factories in the day and nudes at night. It was fantastic."

DA HUH

A South Carolina man, arrested on charges that he sold his urine over the Internet, denied that his intent was to help drug users cheat on drug tests. "I'm not a drug dealer," he said. "I'm a urine dealer."

SORRY WE BROUGHT IT UP

Boy George, a believer in reincarnation, says he wants to return to earth as "**Matt Dillon**'s underwear."

WHAT INDEED?

Bob Dylan, on being asked why he married Carolyn Dennis (whom he later divorced) "She's a gospel singer, mainly One of her uncles was Blind Willie Johnson What more do you need to know about somebody?"

OUR MORON OF THE MONTH AWARD TO...

... **Richard Gere,** who feels sorry for terrorists who "are creating such horrible future lives for themselves, because of the negativity of this karma." Gere's proposal: "It's all of our jobs to keep our minds as expansive as possible. If you can see them as a relative who's dangerously sick, and we have to give them medicine, and the medicine is love ... there's nothing better."

BRILLIANT!

Shirley MacLaine's solution to the problem of America's vulnerability to terror involves chakra-meditation sessions that will "produce a protective bubble of positive energy and bombard the terrorists with white light and love from our higher selves."

OKAY, YOU'RE AMERICA'S FUN COUPLE

Téa Leoni, wife of actor David Duchovny, has revealed that her husband produces "butt paintings." She smears his bare backside with paint, and then he squats upon a blank canvas to produce a picture, presumably abstract in style. "Sometimes," says Leoni, "I get to spank him a little to blend the colors. I defy anyone to say that David and I don't know how to have fun."

STAYING FREE

Quarantine

Civil libertarians must think not only about current threats to liberty but about potential future threats as well. If, for example, there were a bioterrorist attack involving a contagious disease—such as viral smallpox, as distinguished from bacterial anthrax—one immediate response would be to quarantine contagious people. This may sound relatively simple from a legal or constitutional perspective, since most contagious people would want to be quarantined. But if history is a guide, there will be some contagious people who may resist being isolated. The laws of quarantine, which go back to the times of tuberculosis and other epidemics, are inadequate to deal with bioterrorism, especially in an era when the weapons of mass infection might include suicide carriers sent by terrorist organizations to spread disease as widely as possible. The quarantine laws now on our books provide few protections, even for those who have plausible claims of misdiagnosis.

A leading scholar of quarantine laws has concluded that "both law and science have changed since the time when quarantine was a standard tool against infectious disease. A court giving unquestioning approval to quarantine in modern circumstances would be utilizing an anachronistic rationale." And this was written in 1985, in the context of the AIDS epidemic. It did not take into account the weaponization of contagious disease. The time has come for experts to rewrite the laws of quarantine, making them both more responsive to current needs and more protective of civil liberties.

Truth Serums and Torture

Another issue that will surely arise will involve interrogation techniques. The FBI has expressed great frustration with its inability to elicit cooperation from several detainees who it believes knew about the events of September 11 and may know about other planned attacks. The law is extremely unclear about what techniques may be used to extract information, but it is clear in stating that information gleaned through certain types of interrogation may not be used in court against the person interrogated. The Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination does not itself prohibit interrogations of any kind; it simply prohibits the use of the fruits of certain interrogations in a criminal case. At least that is how the current U.S. Supreme Court has interpreted the privilege against self-incrimination. This has led some persons to conclude that the use of such truth serums as sodium pentothol might well be constitutional if the truths elicited by these serums are used solely to prevent acts of terrorism and not to prosecute any individuals. Many intelligence agencies that have used truth serums have been extremely disappointed with the results. Although sodium pentothol may help a witness remember something he or she would like to remember, it is far less successful with people determined to keep secrets.

Torture, on the other hand, has been extremely successful in eliciting information. Even zealots willing to give up their lives have a threshold of pain beyond which they cannot hold out. So the question becomes a moral and constitutional one: Are there any circumstances under which a democratic society should be prepared to employ torture?

> "The same Supreme Court that has upheld ... capital punishment might well uphold a system of judicially supervised torture."

The case for torture is simple and compelling. We would all do it to save a loved one. Imagine your child being kidnapped and placed in a buried box. You capture the kidnapper, who refuses to tell you where your child is buried. Of course you would torture—even kill—the kidnapper to save your daughter. It would be a variation on self-defense. And if you are willing to torture to save your own child, then torturing to save thousands of people should seem less morally problematic.

But there is a difference between approving torture in a particular case and accepting the principle that torture is justified under a cost-benefit analysis. The issue is in some respects similar to the debate over capital punishment. It is relatively easy to justify the imposition of the death penalty on a dangerous mass murderer. It is far more difficult to justify a system of capital punishment that inevitably results in the execution of innocents, rehabilitatable prisoners, and a disproportionate number of poor and minority defendants. The same Supreme Court that has upheld our current system of capital punishment might well uphold a system of judicially supervised torture—perhaps with a "torture warrant"—so long as the information is not used to incriminate the tortured person.

Punishment of Kin

For some zealots, torture might not work. When his Jordanian captors tried to torture Carlos "The Jackal" into disclosing planned acts of terrorism, they failed. They then moved on to the next step. They imprisoned Carlos's mother and threatened to torture *her*, whereupon he confessed. The punishment of kin was used extensively by the Nazis, who called it *sippenhaft*. Every time a terrorist act occurred, all the relatives and loved ones of the suspected terrorist were rounded up, tortured, and killed. This brutal methodology deterred even the most dedicated and selfless zealots.

No civilized country could, of course, punish entirely innocent relatives or friends, but what about relatives and friends who encourage or praise suicide bombers? Israel has adopted a policy of destroying the empty homes of relatives of terrorists when evidence supports that those relatives may have been complicit or supportive. This policy, however, has backfired, since it looks terrible to blow up the home of a screaming mother. Moreover, terrorist organizations like Hamas invariably rebuild the homes and make large cash payments to the relatives. The point of even mentioning punishment of kin is to demonstrate that if we (or Israel) were prepared to abandon all morality in order to achieve maximum efficiency, we probably could make a significant dent in the recruitment of suicide terrorists. We choose not to do so because we ourselves do not want to sink to the level of terrorists who kill the innocent.

Targeted Assassination

Israel has been widely condemned for its policy of targeted assassinations of terrorists who have planned or are planning attacks against civilians. The United States—which joined in that chorus of condemnation—has, since the attacks of September 11, announced its own policy of targeting terrorist leaders for death if they cannot be captured and brought to trial. Preemptive assassination, if focused on repeat assassins, may result in far fewer collateral deaths than massive retaliation. For many years now the United States has eschewed a policy of assassinating heads of state. Yet for all that, we apparently targeted Slobodan Milosevic, and at this writing we're targeting Osama bin Laden and other terrorist leaders. Even many who oppose capital punishment seem to

B.A.D.

College fraternity parties are known to get a little wild, but tonight promises to be the most outrageous of them all. The girls at the local sorority have lost a friendly little wager to the guys at Beta Alma Dicta, and they're ready to make good on their bet: a no-holding-back striptease for those BAD boys. The keg has been tapped, the girls have arrived, the music is pumping, and soon the clothes will begin to fly. What the guys don't know is that the girls lost the bet on purpose, wanting to teach the boys something they haven't learned in class — that women can party as hardy as men.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER

Each one of the frat boys has fantasized how these women would look naked. Now their fantasies are in front of them, hard nipples pointing and tiny panties sliding all the way down

The women encourage the guys to join in, helping them free their cocks. Though the girls outnumber the guys, it doesn't take a math major to solve this problem. Lila and Lauren will share Erik. The "sisters" attack his hard shaft with open mouths and slippery tongues.

True to their Greek roots, bacchanalia reigns for the frat boys. The room becomes a sea of sweaty bodies. As partners are swapped, Marni and Lisa settle into a sixty-nine, their tongues never tiring.

All are dizzy with excitement. The girls, hungry for cock, grab for some to sate their desires. Other sisters seem eager only for lady love, and put on a show demonstrating just how they play with one another in the privacy of their sorority house when the lights go out and there are no boys allowed.

Despite their usual demure personas these women swallow come as eagerly as the Betas funnel beer Beth promises to show Sean how she does this but only after he shows off *his* talent

Beth never
[illegible],
a promise
so she sucks
Sean until
he can take no
more and
unloads his
warm seed into
her mouth
It won't be long
until he is
ready to go
again with a
different girl

The sounds of sexplay and panting orgasms resonate throughout the room. The sorority girls confess their love of watching their sisters come again and again. Their eyes sweep around the room as they watch one another get off, knowing that the night is still young and there is still half a keg to go.

'Oh my God, Inga was right! Life does imitate art!'

Kofi Annan

LAST YEAR THE NOBEL PEACE Prize was awarded to both the United Nations and its first African secretary-general, Kofi Annan of Ghana. Annan, who is also the first secretary-general to emerge from the ranks of the UN civil service, joined the UN's World Health Office in 1962. I have known Annan more than 40 years, having first met him in Ghana in the late 1950s. We were introduced by his late countryman Kenneth Dadzie, who blazed a trail for Annan by leaving the Ghanaian diplomatic service for the UN and becoming a candidate for secretary-general in the 1980s. • After studies in his native Kumasi, the capital of the old kingdom of Ashanti, Annan completed his bachelor's degree at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota. He then did graduate work in economics at the University Institute of Higher International Studies in Geneva, and earned a master's degree in management at MIT in 1972. He speaks fluent French, English, and some African languages. • Although Annan is often compared to the most influential of past secretaries-general, Sweden's Dag Hammarskjöld, there is really a world of difference between them. Annan and his wife, Swedish-born painter Nane Lagergren, are outgoing and friendly, frequently found at cocktail parties in New York City, using charisma and charm to advance the UN's mission. Hammarskjöld was a monkish figure who seemed to find his fame distasteful. • Annan served the UN in Ethiopia, Egypt, and Geneva before becoming an assistant secretary-general in New York in 1987 and an undersecretary-general in 1993. He led the UN team in Iraq following the Gulf War in 1991, and in 1995–96 was the secretary-general's special representative to the former Yugoslavia. He helped the return to civilian rule in Nigeria, and persuaded Libya to allow Scotland to extradite to a Scottish court in Holland two Libyans charged with the 1988 bombing of a Pan-Am aircraft over Lockerbie, Scotland. • This is the second interview *Penthouse* has published with Annan. The first was four years ago. Obviously, the world has changed since then in many significant ways.

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Terrorism "is an international problem—86 countries lost citizens at the World Trade Center ... but retaliation is only part of the response.... There seem to be larger questions about why [terrorist] acts have a large measure of support."

What were your reactions to the events of September 11, apart from heightening security at the UN itself?

My first reaction, as you can imagine, was shock and horror

that human beings could decide to do such a thing and that they were able to do it, and to realize how vulnerable we all are. What if they had had nuclear weapons? It's an international problem—86 countries lost citizens at the World Trade Center. This is a problem which is felt all over the world. And so, yes, there is a role for the UN in this, and this seems to have been recognized by the member states.

So the threat of terrorism, including biological warfare, is international. Nations are restrained by the fear of retaliation, but how does one retaliate against a group or a chain of groups?

Obviously you can't retaliate when you don't know who they are or where they are, but retaliation is only part of the response. Vigilance must be a major part of the response; you have to get the people before they carry out such dreadful acts. The United Nations is concerned with the terrorist threat, politically and especially on the financial aspects. We have a committee working on that, chaired by the British ambassador [to the UN], Sir Jeremy Greenstock.

This raises the question of a more political response. We have to get at the root causes [of terrorist acts]. This doesn't mean that we want to make concessions to terrorists, but there seem to be larger questions about why such acts have a large measure of support. Why? What should be done? Where is the water in which the terrorists swim? There's a widespread sense of alienation in many societies. There's particularly a concern among many Muslims about how the world works—that they're subjected to double standards, that they're getting the sharp end of the stick more than anyone else. This is of course especially true in the Middle East. That's where our activity should be more urgent.

You and the United Nations itself received the Nobel Peace Prize for 2001. How can that increased diplomatic muscle be put to use?

Certainly I hope that we can put the Prize to good use. The best way to do that is by getting member states to pay more attention to attaining the Millennium Declaration goals for the Third World, by financing and by devising means for development. This is important for the future of the world but of course especially for the future of the poorer nations. There should be greater sensitivity. There's a need to pay more attention to the environment. This will actually contribute to the prosperity of the prosperous nations as well.

Is the world becoming a more dangerous place, or are international concerns helping to contain the dangers?

Obviously the world remains full of dangers, from the proliferation of small arms to the looming menace posed by nuclear weapons, and from the daily toll inflicted by AIDS and other diseases to the persistence of poverty on a scale that threatens the survival of millions of people. In that respect, the world is as dangerous as it has ever been. Yet I believe there is good news in that, as you say, the international community is more aware of the need to act together to face these problems, [and to develop] treaties such as the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty or the Ottawa Convention banning landmines. The international community is thus limiting some threats while making concerted efforts to deal with others. I have proposed the Global AIDS and Health Fund so that governments can raise an additional $7–10 billion a year to deal with AIDS and other major health crises, and we have already begun to receive contributions to that effort. The increased unity of governments and peoples in the face of the world's major problems is a hopeful sign that the world will be a safer place for future generations.

Are weapons of mass annihilation, such as neutron bombs and biochemical weapons, more of a threat than weapons of mass destruction, such as nuclear and high-explosive warheads?

The UN member states have put in place conventions prohibiting weapons of mass destruction or annihilation, or limiting their use, from nuclear weapons to chemical and biological weapons. I think the member states appreciate the strong threat that all such weapons have posed, and I'm grateful for the steps that are being taken to contain such threats.

What do you hope to see come out of negotiations like those concerning revision of the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, America's "national missile defense" program, the trade in small arms, and so on?

I think it's a positive sign that the United States government is trying to consult with other countries on such questions as the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty and other relevant agreements. I believe there's a need to consolidate and build upon existing disarmament and nonproliferation agreements, specifically to prevent a new arms race and to maintain the nonweaponized status of outer space. I would like all states to negotiate legally binding disarmament agreements that are both verifiable and irreversible.

Are these the principal problems facing the United Nations and the world?

The major problems that the world faces ultimately are the result of inequality, particularly disparities among and within nations. The consequences of such inequality can be seen in everything from conflicts over scarce resources to the massive displacement of people unable to feed themselves. It's apparent in differing lives led by people infected by HIV. In the industrialized world, access to drugs has allowed people to go about their normal lives to an extent that was unimaginable just a few years ago. In the developing world, AIDS is ravaging entire societies. If we are serious about addressing the world's problems, we must ensure that the majority of the world's people are not left behind, and that they too can enjoy the benefits of globalization, from the expansion of information and communications technology to prospects for increased employment.

"The tragedies of the past need to be acknowledged; but if we are to move forward ... we must not become captives of the past."

You have more prestige than any secretary-general since Dag Hammarskjold. What do you hope to achieve in your second five-year term?

Thank you for your compliment, but what I can achieve over the next five years does not depend on my prestige as you kindly put it, but on the willingness of the member states to carry out the objectives to which they agreed in the Millennium Declaration. I have presented them with a sort of road map which shows that these objectives can indeed be achieved, but only if all of us devote the necessary energy and resources to the task.

One of your member states, Kiribati [formerly the Gilbert Islands], is disappearing under the Pacific Ocean. What are your views on the Kyoto Protocol, its revisions, global warming, and the environment generally?

Climate change is, without a doubt, one of the gravest challenges facing humankind today. We know from the best available science that melting polar ice caps and rising sea levels are threatening low-lying island nations and coastal areas with erosion and storm surges. And in a warmer and wetter world infectious diseases such as malaria and yellow fever will spread more easily. Environmental matters are intrinsically linked to the economy, national security, and energy issues.

Unfortunately, the effects of climate change can be seen only in the long term, so it is sometimes difficult to push governments to focus on the issue. Nevertheless, climate change must be addressed as a core policy issue. And all countries must be involved in the response, since none is immune from the threat. Over the years there have been great strides in understanding that if we are to go on living together on this earth, we must all be responsible for it. That's why I was so pleased that at the meeting in Bonn on the Kyoto Protocol there was at least political agreement on its workings. This sends a strong signal that the reduction of emissions must become an integral part of the production and consumption process. The Bonn agreement was the product of lots of hard work and much compromise. It shows that there's a shared understanding of the urgency of alleviating global warming.

The main dangers of international warfare would seem to be in eastern, southeastern, and southern Asia. Is Afghanistan quintessentially a UN problem? How do you envisage UN involvement in these conflicts?

There is a role for UN mediation not only in eastern, southeastern, and southern Asia. In many areas the UN is already present in a variety of ways. In South Asia we have a major political office in Islamabad [Pakistan], headed by my personal representative, Francesc Vendrell, which pushes for peace among the parties in Afghanistan [at the time this interview is being conducted]. The UN also has a peacekeeping presence that has helped toward calm in Kashmir, called the UN Military Observer Group in India and Pakistan. In southeastern Asia the UN Transitional Administration in East Timor has been helping to guide the Timorese people to self-government in anticipation of independence, a goal that I hope [has been] furthered by the August 30, 2001, election of a constituent assembly. The UN has provided electoral assistance. Elsewhere in the area there are discussions between the UN and the government of Cambodia for a mixed Cambodian-UN court to try Red Khmer leaders for crimes dating back to the 1970s. I hope this will contribute to the stability of Cambodia.

In Afghanistan the situation is fluid, moving rapidly. Yes, it is quintessentially a UN problem—but I suppose it depends on what you mean by that. Obviously there are both national and international dimensions. The UN has been involved there for many years, so yes, it is a UN problem. But the UN can't provide a solution. There is no tailor-made UN solution as there was, perhaps, in Cambodia and East Timor. Anyway, the role of the UN will increase, essentially the role of supplying Afghanistan, and possibly for some time an international force, which would help the Afghans find a solution of their own. The UN will not be taking direct responsibility, the UN will not be responsible for law and order in the country.

Over the years there have been negotiations for the withdrawal of Israel from occupied territory. In practical terms, is it time to return to UN Security Council resolutions 242 and 338 of 1967—a withdrawal to the 1949 truce lines, with some minor adjustments?

What must be done at this point is to get both sides to stop a destructive cycle of violence that spreads death and misery among both Palestinians and Israelis. Their leaders must show the necessary political courage to adhere to existing security arrangements and to keep negotiating. To this end, it's encouraging to see the United Nations, the European Union, the United States, and the Russian Federation working together with the single purpose of getting the parties back on the political track. As to the Security Council resolutions to which you refer, it is not a matter of returning to them. They never went away! The inadmissibility of the acquisition of territory by force, the principle of land for peace, remains the basis for a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

It's time to focus our resources on terrorism, not the victimless crimes of immorality.

Now that President Bush has rightly declared an all-out war on terrorism, the United States should put to rest the futile wars against such "vices" of society as drugs, pornography, and prostitution. Let God be the judge of so-called immorality, while we concentrate on preventing terrorism and punishing those who commit these hideous acts, all too often in God's name.

A significant share of our limited law-enforcement budget is dedicated to fighting sinfulness. Some argue that the current war on vice has the collateral benefit of helping the war on terrorism. After all, it is said, a border guard checking for drugs might come across explosives or biological weapons, an investigator surfing the Web for kiddie-porn could stumble upon a terrorist message.

This is nonsense. Investigators are best when they specialize in a particular type of crime; a vice cop does not necessarily make a good terrorist cop. We must now get our priorities straight by training more officers specifically for terrorist prevention. The terrorist cells hidden all over this country are what need to be infiltrated, not drug and pornography rings.

Yes, terror organizations like Al Qaeda may be trafficking drugs to support their cause. In that case there's a good reason for a thorough investigation, just as it would be necessary to focus on the inside trading of stocks if such methods were financing a terrorist network. But we cannot afford to continue the failing, expensive, tired old war on vice when we have dangerous enemies actively attempting to destroy us.

Trying to control vice makes little sense even during times of relative tranquility. This battle we've declared on narcotics has made drug prices soar and created severe competition among dealers. It has actually increased the amount of violence directed against innocent citizens. Every person held up by an addict in search of money for a fix is a collateral-damage victim of the war on vice.

In addition to diverting critical resources away from more pressing immediate needs, the foolish efforts of some politicos to criminalize vice have made many Americans understandably suspicious of governmental efforts to expand investigative power at the expense of civil liberties. Consider, for example, the roving wiretap, which enables law-enforcement officials to follow the phone conversations of a specific person rather than a specific telephone. When politicians sought to legalize the use of roving wiretaps against drug dealers prior to the September 11 attacks, many civil libertarians considered it an unjustified move. (Similar concerns have been expressed over other law-enforcement techniques, like expanded authority to seize money associated with terrorism.) Today the roving wiretap is truly needed to track terrorists, yet some civil libertarians remain skeptical, having seen governmental abuse of power in the drug war.

Every dollar and minute spent trying to keep people away from their vice are a dollar and a minute that can be put to better use. Future terrorist attacks are more apt to be thwarted if law-enforcement officials refuse to waste our precious crime-fighting resources. The officials guarding our borders are overwhelmed trying to prevent drugs, prostitution, and pornography from entering the United States. Our prisons are filled with people whose only victims are themselves. The *real* victims are the thousands of men and women who died on September 11, and the families they left behind. If we continue to fight the losing battle on immorality in this new age of terrorism, a whole new group of victims will be created.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

climbed into her car, and drove away. It was early afternoon when I dressed carefully in a low-cut blouse, my shortest, sluttiest skirt, and my secret weapon: a pair of thigh-high stockings, a lacy black garter belt, and no panties. As I climbed the stairs to Mark's apartment, a slight breeze cooled my bare pussy. I shivered with anticipation.

I hammered hard on the door. Mark answered. It wasn't easy to feign anger with him. I immediately liked what I saw. My new neighbor wore a white T-shirt with sleeves that stretched tight around his muscles. He was tall and tan, and when he flashed me a grin I had to clench my thighs together to keep my love juices from dripping onto his welcome mat. I couldn't help picturing him as he must have looked last night as he drove his cock into the redhead. Running my tongue over my lips, nearly crazy wanting that cock myself, I forced a frown.

"I've just moved in downstairs," I said coldly, "and I didn't sleep a wink last night." I continued to reprimand him for all the noise he'd made, but as I scolded him I leaned against the doorframe and let my skirt creep up, exposing my garters and the bare skin above my tights. Within minutes I had Mark stammering and stuttering and making heartfelt apologies for his inconsiderateness. Gradually I let him calm me down. When he invited me in for a drink, I accepted, slipping inside and quickly shutting the door behind me.

As he fetched the drinks, I hopped up onto his kitchen counter and eased my knees apart. When he caught a quick glimpse of my shaved pussy, Mark almost dropped the glasses. I grabbed my drink, took a long sip, then set it on the counter.

"Do you really want to make up for last night?" I asked.

Mark nodded. "Anything I can do."

"Make me come like you did that redhaired slut," I demanded.

Mark didn't hesitate. He knelt right down on the kitchen floor and pushed his head under my skirt. His burning tongue teased my hole, slid inside, then danced up to my waiting clit. I wove my fingers into his hair and pressed his face harder into my pussy. He reached up and tore open my blouse. His fingers sought and found my nipples, which puckered and hardened at his touch. It felt incredible, but I wasn't ready to come yet. I wanted to see the cock that had kept me up all night.

I pushed myself off the counter and knelt in front of him. I found the button on his jeans, undid it, and yanked down the zipper. His cock was making a thick ridge down his thigh. When I got his jeans down, it sprang up full and rigid, striped with bulging veins. I could see why the woman last night had shrieked with such pleasure.

I had to get my mouth on the mushroom head of Mark's cock. First, though, I ran my tongue up and down the shaft and sucked his balls one by one into my mouth. Finally, as he groaned with anticipation, I probed the head with the pointed tip of my tongue. When he began to thrust his hips at me, I finally succumbed to my desires and took him fully into my mouth. He thrust into the back of my throat while I massaged his balls and caressed his thighs.

I milked his cock with my mouth, but he pulled away before I could make him come. Instead, he led me to his bedroom and pushed me onto the bed, where I spread my legs. He teased the entrance to my pussy, sliding in little by little until I begged him to fill me. Only then did he ram the full length of his cock into me. I cried out again and again as he slammed against me. If anyone had been downstairs, in my new bedroom, I'm sure they would have heard the sound of his balls slapping against my ass. Mark wrapped his arms around me, his hands cupping each of my breasts. He rolled my nipples between his fingers as he hammered into me.

An explosion was building inside me. I knew I couldn't last much longer. I screamed and cried, out of control. From Mark's grunts and the increasing speed of his thrusts, I knew he was close too. He shouted for me to come, and I did. Waves of pleasure wracked my body. My pussy convulsed again and again. Mark shot his load and collapsed on top of me.

After that amazing encounter I forgave Mark for keeping me up all night. From that day on, Mark and I have maintained—shall I say—a more than neighborly relationship.—*N.E., California*

Miss Tuesday

I met her at a small birthday party on a Tuesday exactly one year ago. Little did I realize what an adventure I was about to embark upon. As introductions were being made all around, I noticed this sexy little number. She sported a mousy look that just couldn't hide her true self. She was five-foot-five and about 130 pounds, with a sweet set of tits. Her way of moving was so sexy it could not be ignored. I knew I had to get to know her.

Eventually I weaseled my way into a seat next to her at the table, and after about an hour of group time, our toes touched and we started a long game of footsie without so much as making eye

comprehensive, just, and lasting settlement in the region.

Do you believe that the Israeli civilian settlements in the occupied territories have to go, or might a few of them be allowed to remain in exchange for territory given to Israel when the UN created it in 1947?

The presence of settlements in the occupied territories, along with the continuing construction of bypass roads for the exclusive use of Israeli settlers, is viewed by Palestinians and many others as one of the important causes of this crisis. The possibility of a land exchange as part of a final settlement is up to the parties themselves, and I would not want to prejudge what they might agree to. What is important is that a final agreement responds both to the legitimate desire of the Palestinians for national independence and to the legitimate claims of the Israelis to recognition and security, based on the relevant Security Council resolutions.

Should the UN play a role in bringing a Palestinian state into existence?

The United Nations is playing a role in trying to bring about an agreed, negotiated solution on the basis of UN resolutions. It's abundantly clear that there has to be a viable Palestinian state willing to live in peace with its Israeli neighbor.

British Prime Minister Tony Blair used the term viable *and the British Foreign Office says that means a contiguous state, not one divided by Israeli settlements.*

You're right. It all goes back to Resolution 242, with its strong implication that Israel should withdraw from the territories occupied in 1967. This wouldn't link Gaza and the West Bank, but there could be a corridor between the two not subject to Israeli checkpoints. One would imagine that would be part of a negotiated solution.

With international borders—no Israeli forces on the Palestine-Jordan border?

This has to be negotiated between the parties, but it would be difficult to imagine a Palestinian state cut off from Jordan.

Is there a permanent role for a UN military force in areas of tension? If so, would it be a standing force, or one based on rapid-force commitments by member states?

UN peacekeeping missions, formed from contingents supplied by member states, have an honorable record in many parts of the world, including Lebanon, and were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1988. The UN has now developed a standby-arrangements system under which participating member states inform us of what troops or other relevant assets they can provide us within 30-day or 90-day periods. This system allows us to have a better picture of how we can respond rapidly to crises, so that we do not have to wait several months before we can deploy an effective peace-keeping presence.

Is there a role for others outside the UN framework, such as Norway and the European Union in the Middle East, the EU in southeastern Europe, even the United States somewhere?

Yes, of course. All of the major actors have a constructive role to play in all of these crises. Norway, for example, has been in the forefront of such efforts. As you know, they were the facilitators of what became known as the Oslo Accords, and they were also very active in Sri Lanka in trying to bring about a peaceful resolution of the ongoing conflict between the government and the Tamil Tigers. As you mention, there's been an increased role for the European Union in the crisis in the Middle East as well as in the Balkans. The recent accord between the government of the former Yugoslav republic of Macedonia and the ethnic Albanian rebels is a perfect example of the usefulness of an increased participation of the EU in international diplomacy. In some cases, for whatever reason, negotiating an end to a conflict within a UN framework may not be possible, so it is very important that other actors be available.

Concerning the Middle East, there are a number of special envoys, representing various countries and international organizations, including the United Nations, who are actively engaged. They all have a role to play in the search for peace. In fact they are all working toward a common goal, that of ending the violence and getting the parties to negotiate. What is important is that they do get them to the table, not how many people it takes to get them there.

What's the future for the Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban, which President Clinton signed but which President Bush says he will not submit to Congress for ratification?

There will be a [UN] conference on this shortly. The treaty needs ratification by 44 named member states; 13 of those ratifications are still awaited. I appeal to all 13 to do so. In the light of September 11, this should be more urgent. The next September 11 could be nuclear.

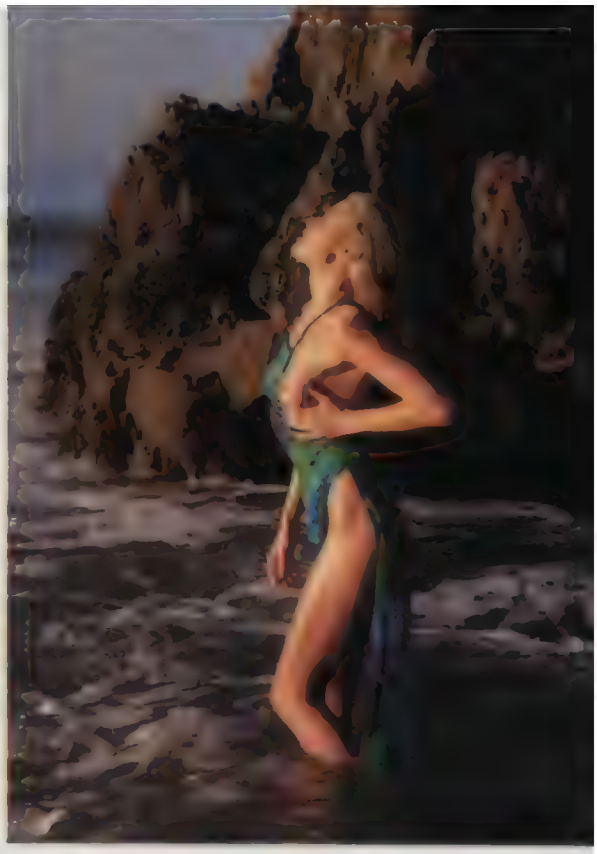
You've put a heavy stress on alienation and discrimination. You must have been disappointed that the United States and Israel stayed away from the conference on racism in Durban, South Africa.

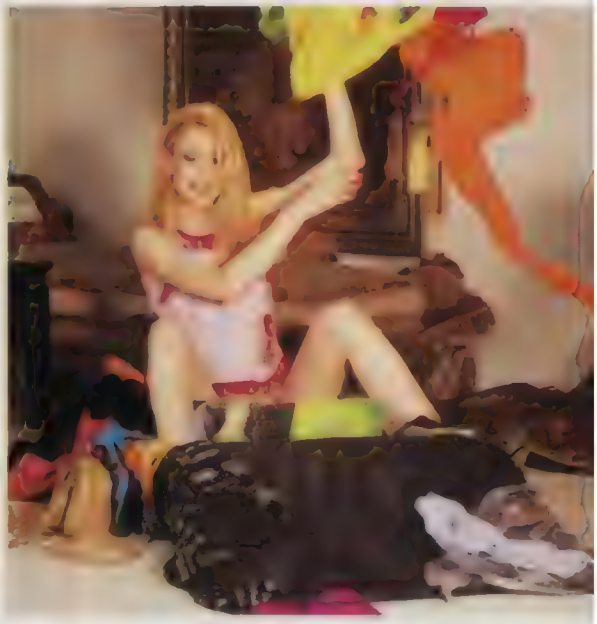
At the beginning of a new century, there are too many societies that remain mired in ethnic conflict, in the fear of those they think of as "the others," and too many people who are discriminated against because they belong to a particular ethnic or religious group. We need international willingness to look unflinchingly at every society in the world, and at those flaws that exacerbate rather than eliminate racism and discrimination. The tragedies of the past need to be acknowledged, but if we are to move forward on this issue, we must not become captives of the past. Old wounds should be examined, but not reopened. For the millions of people who suffer daily from all types of discrimination, we cannot allow the opportunity which the Durban Conference brought to go to waste.

Is what's called globalization *a threat or an inevitability? Is it a good thing, a bad thing, or a bit of both?*

I believe that globalization is inevitable. Indeed, the word describes a process which is already happening, encompassing the growth of international trade, the advance of information technology, and a host of other factors which have been present for some time. I believe that globalization can—indeed, must—become a positive force for the world's people, but the anxieties that many people around the globe share about it are a powerful indication that globalization is still widely seen as a threat. Governments should take heed of the anxieties which are being expressed and take concrete steps to ensure that the benefits of globalization are shared more equitably. I have asked the governments of the developed world to do more to open their markets to developing countries. One major first step in that effort has been the European Union's adoption of quota-free access to its markets for products from the least developed countries, exclud-

> "In the light of September 11, [the test-ban treaty] should be more urgent. The next September 11 could be nuclear."





COURTNEY

"The combination of my boyfriend's heat and the water's coolness is irresistible. It's like having two lovers at once!"

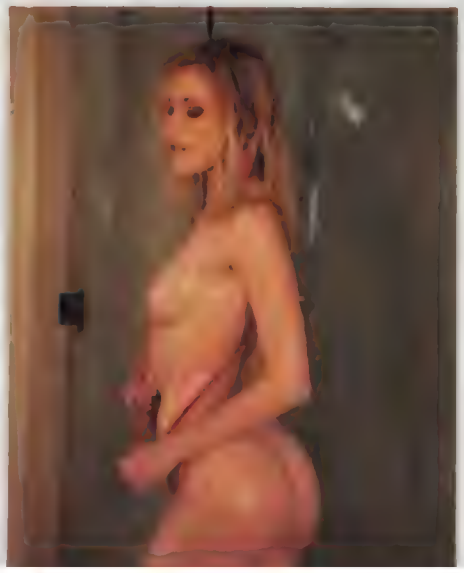
OFF-ROAD ANTICS

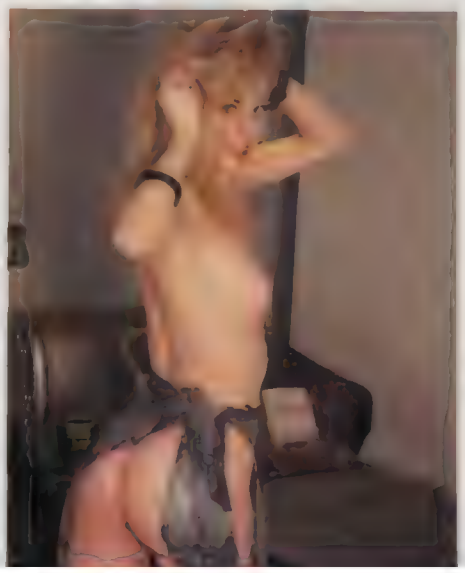
"Courtney Taylor is a woman who knows her body *very* well," says veteran *Penthouse* photographer Carl Wachter. "No matter what the pose, Courtney instinctively knew which way to move to give me the steamy shots I was looking for. Off camera, she can be a very serious type of girl, kind of quiet but very straightforward." "I really am quite different than most models," says our 26-year-old Pet of the Month. "Although I enjoy what I do for a living, I have my sights set on medical school and becoming a pulmonary specialist."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER

"The shots with the horses were very funny," Wachter recalls. "Courtney kept trying to move away from them. But each time she did, they moved in closer until they had her surrounded!"

"When it comes to men, I need someone as uninhibited as I am. I don't ever want to feel ashamed about having a good time."

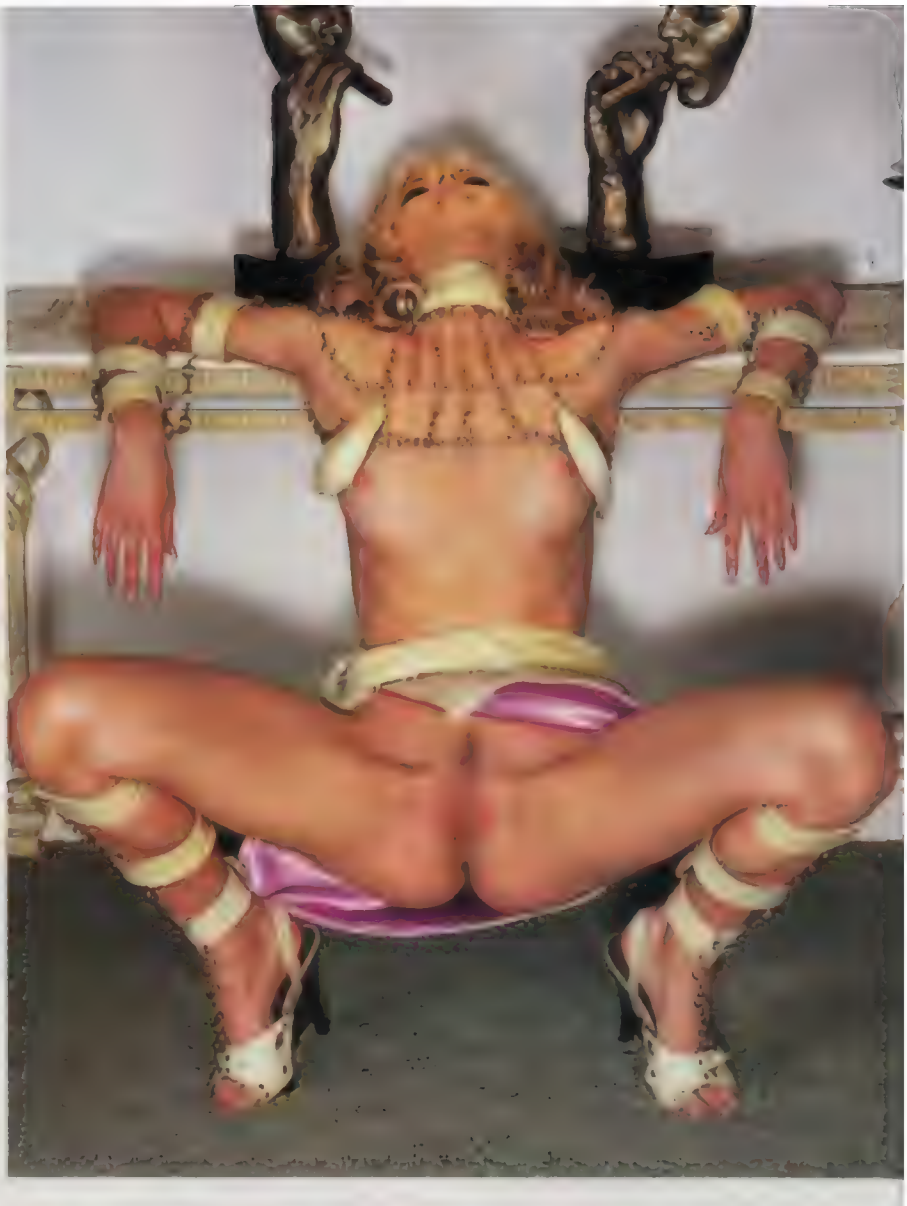


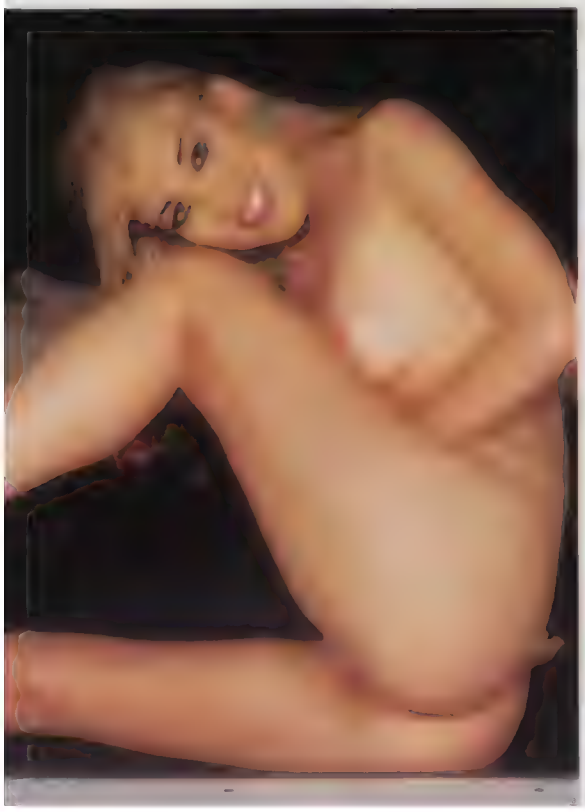


A few months ago Courtney moved to Georgia, having just earned a degree in psychology from the University of Michigan. "I majored in psych, but a job at a local hospital got me thinking about becoming a pulmonary physician," she says. "Right now I work as a respiratory therapist—I deal with people's lungs and I try to help them breathe easy, so to speak. I know med school is a big commitment, but I can be very focused when I need to be. Then again, I'm also the type to do anything for a laugh." Our 34-24-34 Pet has been known to cause a little heavy breathing of her own. "Last year I ran the Naked Mile at the University of Michigan. It's a race where people run one mile—naked—around campus. Toward the end of the race I noticed some police cars. I was always getting tickets for speeding, and decided to give them a little tease. Before the race was over, I did a few victory laps around some police officers just for fun!"

"One of these days I'd like to visit Europe and see the great opera houses." Courtney tells us. "I'm a big opera buff. I love Verdi's *Rigoletto* and listening to Mozart."

"When I have some free time, I like to go swimming and dancing. I remember when I was still living in Michigan. My friends and I would go out partying all night and then go skinny-dipping in the Great Lakes. Boy, that water was cold!" our leggy blonde reports with a laugh. "I love being in and around water. In fact, to make love at the beach like Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr in *From Here to Eternity* is my favorite romantic fantasy. I think that's one of the sexiest scenes I've ever watched in a movie." confides Courtney, her emerald eyes twinkling. "I can just picture myself lying down at the edge of the sand. The rest of the world is silent, and all I hear is the sound of the waves crashing all around me. Suddenly the water and my boyfriend are both on top of me. The combination of his body heat and the coolness of the water is irresistible. It's like having two lovers at once!"





"When it comes to men, I need someone who is just as uninhibited as I am. I don't ever want to feel ashamed about having a good time," she says

"I remember once making love in a boyfriend's car," she says. "The car was on a crowded street, but since it was covered with snow we thought no one would notice us. What we didn't realize was that we had kicked on the defrost button and melted our way into plain sight!" Now *there's* a vision to warm all our hearts!

To see some very special photos of Courtney visit our Website at www.penthouse.com

MISS COURTNEY TAYLOR/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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POLITICS in the Military

Truth is often called the first casualty of war. Both Republican and Democratic leaders have long had their heads buried in the sand, and that's one reason we are now fighting overseas—while constantly looking over our shoulders at home. People in the FBI and CIA have repeatedly warned of potential terrorist attacks on U.S. soil. The fact is, our congressional chieftains have neglected their most important job: government oversight.

President Bush faces the challenge of growing up amid war. Partisan members of the House of Representatives should grow along with him, but some are too busy rolling over for airport-security firms that threaten to sue the government if their employees are replaced with federalized security personnel. These companies were being chastised and fined for security lapses long before September 11, and their incompetence has been demonstrated anew since that day. When it looked like it was going to cost them their fat contracts, the security outfits got together and hired a lobbyist. Now in Congress we hear right-wing Republicans like Dick Armey and Tom "The Hammer" DeLay complaining that such federalization is unjustified expansion of governmental power.

Hel-lo, Tom and Dick. The last time I checked, the federal government fought wars. May I remind these two that thousands of Americans died because Congress stymied earlier calls to federalize airport security? Instead of focusing on the war effort, these two clowns pressured Bush to bow to the right wing of his party. Bush gave in, and the idiot bill has passed in the House. Precious months were lost. When the bill finally cleared the Senate and was signed by the president, the screening force was in fact federalized. But with the ink barely dry, Transportation Secretary Norman Mineta admitted that there are not enough employees, bomb-sniffing dogs, or explosive-detection machines to screen all checked baggage within 60 days, as required by the new law. As our troops risk their necks, politicians like DeLay prove that self-interest flourishes even in wartime.

Our nation's security is far too important to let the lowest bidder guard our key assets, but that is exactly what the government has often done. The armed forces even use private security firms to protect many of their facilities. Billions have been paid out to cheap security contractors since the 1970s, and we've seen how poorly that money was spent.

Historically, our country's decision makers have been shortsighted. For the past 50 years, our government has gone into business with terrorists to achieve immediate political goals, the most relevant and glaring example being our support of Osama bin Laden and the Afghan rebels as they fought Soviet invaders in the 1980s. President Bush now says that any country that aids or harbors terrorists is our enemy. Yet the president has exempted Saudi Arabia—though its government is known to appease and pay off terrorists—and the House leadership has encouraged this insanity.

Republicans Dick Armey and Tom DeLay play politics with airport security.

Because the U.S. government harbors an intense fear of offending oil despots, our intelligence and investigative services have been ordered to tread softly when it comes to Saudi Arabia and other Gulf states—even in investigating terrorist acts against Americans.

Nineteen members of our Air Force were killed by bin Laden's stooges in the 1996 bombing of Kobar Towers in Saudi Arabia, but the FBI was never permitted to investigate the crime. In fact the Saudis made it impossible for the FBI to interview the suspects. And it wasn't until after September 11 that the government of Yemen turned over the prime suspect of the *U.S.S. Cole* attack that killed 17 sailors in October 2000.

An open investigation of these cases would prove that both the Saudi Arabian and Yemeni dictatorships have been turning a blind eye to bin Laden's network. An American unwillingness to offend Mideast oil princes has been perpetuated during the terms of the past three presidents, and now our military personnel must put lives on the line to clean up bad policy.

Remember, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan thought it was a swell idea to turn Afghanistan into the Soviets' quagmire—Russia's Vietnam—so we stirred up the forces of Islam, and even got Osama's father to send his kid to help bankroll the effort. After we'd bled the Soviets dry, we just walked away from a ruined Afghanistan. The seething anger left behind created the perfect greenhouse for bin Laden to cultivate angry young men into lethal monsters.—*Joseph Trento*

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

contact or talking directly to each other

Soon enough she and I ended up in the bathroom playing tonsil hockey With each lash of the tongue the heat rose and our hands were all over each other She pulled off her sweater, and I ripped through her bra and sucked her big nipples. Soon I discovered the wettest pussy I had ever touched, and she found the hardest prick *she* had ever held on to. We were ready to get down on the floor and fuck our brains out, but given the small size of the party, our sustained disappearance would have been rather obvious. We had to leave the bathroom unfulfilled. That night we even tried to ditch her friends, to no avail. I had to settle for her phone number

It was a couple of days later that I telephoned and proposed a lunch date When we met it was very much down to business Having barely exchanged pleasantries, we decided to head back to my place, where we proceeded to blissfully fuck our brains out for the next five hours

It turned out she had not been in any kind of relationship for the past seven years, and yet here she was with me, doing something that I still can't believe happened One obsession she had from the moment we got together was with oral sex She claimed to have never performed it on a man, but had the overpowering desire to suck my cock. From her initial efforts it was obviously true We then started a long tutelage, out of which she learned to give the most amazing blowjob ever

This past year I've spent most of my time on the road, coming home for a couple of days every few weeks. More often than not, those days also fell on a Tuesday, so between us I started to refer to her as Miss Tuesday The fact is that I never did learn her last name, and we agreed that it was best this way. I gradually detected that she had no visible source of income, and always came and went by public transit. She was a single mother, much more than that I do not know Out of respect for her wishes, I never inquired as to her complete name or any further information from her or her friends I never even knew where she lived, but whenever I arrived back in town, Miss Tuesday never failed to show up at our agreed-upon time

I was always naked when she arrived, and during our first few encounters, as I've said, we concentrated on refining her oral-sex techniques She learned the most sensitive areas of my cock, the perfection of a nice wet blowjob, and ultimately, how to suck my cock for an hour while keeping me on the edge until I would shoot a huge load of come into her mouth

She loved the texture and taste of my come, and at least nine out of ten of my orgasms ended up in her mouth I'm here to attest to the fact that there is no feeling in this world quite like that of a woman totally blissed out by having a cock in her mouth Curiously enough there is no more powerful moment for a woman than at that point either She has the power to alter a man's sense of reality when she swirls that big load of come in her mouth while still lavishing that cock with lips and tongue A woman can ask for just about anything at that instant. All Miss Tuesday ever asked for was more come in her mouth, and she was ready to work for it over and over again In all the times we've been together, she's never failed to pull three to five separate loads of come into her enthusiastic mouth The odd times that were not in her mouth, she wanted to feel the steaming load all over her face and breasts

Eventually we introduced a vibrator into the scene, which totally blew her mind She'd had no experience with sex toys. Knowing this, I also introduced a thick rubber cock Unlike the vibrator which created its own friction, the rubber cock was manually thrust into her cunt at the same rhythm as my cock into her mouth Luckily I'd realized a long time ago that although these toys could outperform a human, they only serve to fuel a woman's need for the real thing, and that was something I was able to supply in abundance

While all this was going on, we never failed to take care of her needs as well I would fuck her pussy until she was dripping with her own climax, only for her to take me in her mouth again and savor her own juices One of her favorite things was to arrive at my place, where there'd be a mattress in front of the television with a new porno for us to watch and fuck by

Our favorite position was doggie-style. She was one of those women who liked to be fucked hard Nothing was ever passive in sex between us It was always a hard pistonlike fuck that pushed us over the brink of pleasure into ecstasy We would fuck hard, recover, then fuck again. It was a never-ending cycle

I'd call her from the road, and we'd have phone sex late at night One night I asked her to shave her pussy, and she never appeared again before me without being smooth as silk It felt great nuzzling my face into a shaved pussy It felt wetter and her juices easily smeared all over my face, only for her to lick them off. There was always a sense of excitement around our little rendezvous She loved the mirrors in my bedroom since thay enabled her to watch herself as she rode my cock

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Men's Health & Fitness

MIND AND MUSCLE POWER

THE IMPOSSIBLE DIET

There isn't a guy alive who couldn't stand to lose ten pounds, but dieting is right up there with quilting, watching *Oprah*, and wearing anything pink, on the unwritten yet clearly defined list of emasculating things men never do around one another. That's why it takes a little cunning and a few inconspicuous tricks to watch what you eat when your buddies are watching your every move.

"There are ways to secretly strip calories from your diet without making any major sacrifices in your eating habits or clueing your friends or colleagues in to what you're doing," says Dr. Susan Kleiner, nutrition consultant and author of *Power Eating* (Human Kinetics). "By adjusting the habits you already have, you can lessen the caloric blow that comes with them."

We found ten subtle changes you can make to your daily eating agenda starting today. Each recommendation is capable of eliminating at least 3,500 calories (that's one pound of fat) in just one month. Master all ten dietary changes and you can be ten pounds lighter by the time you pick up next month's *Penthouse*.

MORNING

NO. 1: CURB YOUR COFFEE FIX. Skip your second and third cups of coffee with milk and sugar and exchange them for two hot cups of ginger tea instead. This may not give you the same jolt of caffeine needed to tolerate that little thing called morning sunlight, but drinking anything warm after that first cup of joe can fool your body into believing things are business-as-usual without adding a single calorie. *Trimmed: 70 calories a day per missed cup.*

NO. 2: CHECK THE COLOR OF YOUR BREAD. Switch your white bagel or toast (made from white processed flour) and opt for whole grain instead. "Whole-grain breads are rich in excess fiber," says Kleiner. "All that extra roughage can make your stomach feel just as full from one serving as it would from two servings of processed bread." *Trimmed: 200 calories.*

NO. 3: FORGET ABOUT BEING ALL-NATURAL. Turn your back on the granola, Grape Nuts, and every other natural, calorie-dense breakfast cereal you've seen Wilford Brimley hawk on television. Bowl up instead with Complete Bran Flakes, All Bran, Cheerios, or Total. "These brands are equal in fiber but lower in calories, leaving you feeling just as full while helping to shave at least 100 calories from your diet," says Steve Lischin, head nutritionist for World Gym in New York City and former nutritionist for the New York Mets. *Trimmed: 120 calories per bowl.*

NOON

NO. 4: TRY SHAVING CHEESE ONTO YOUR SANDWICH INSTEAD OF USING SLICES. An ounce and a half (three tablespoons) shredded

Master all ten dietary changes an you can be ten pounds lighter by the time yo pick up next month *Penthouse*.

Men's Health & Fitness

With a little cunning and some inconspicuous tricks, you can secretly strip calories from your diet.

can cover the same area as three ounces of sliced cheese, cutting your calories in half. Another useful tip: "The stronger and sharper the cheese, the less you will need to add flavor," says Lischin. *Trimmed: 150 calories.*

NO. 5: COUNT HOW MANY LEGS YOUR MEAL ONCE HAD. When it comes to meat, the fewer appendages the animal had when it was alive, the less fat it has while it's dead on your plate. Always go with fish first, then poultry. If you simply have to have pork, beef, or whatever once-hoofed animal is on the menu, opt for the leaner cuts, like the loin and round.

"Trim as much visible fat as you can without looking like an off-duty plastic surgeon and you can cut a few extra hundred calories without having to sacrifice any of the taste," says Lischin. *Trimmed: 200 to 350 calories.*

NO. 6: PUT AWAY ALL THE WATER YOU CAN. "Staying hydrated not only lets your body work more effectively at burning calories for energy, it also leaves little room in your stomach for it to even think about food," says Kleiner. Try to drink at least eight to ten glasses of water a day (instead of soda, juice, or other high-calorie beverage) any time you're thirsty. "And add plenty of ice," says Lischin. "Drinking ice-cold water also helps burn a few extra calories, since the colder the beverage is, the more energy your body has to use to heat it to body temperature." *Trimmed: 50 to 200 calories per drink.*

NIGHT

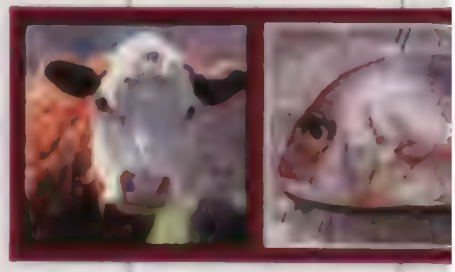
NO. 7: NEVER EAT THE BREAD BEFORE YOUR MEAL ARRIVES. The average guy typically eats three slices of bread before his meal comes. Since bread is a processed carbohydrate rich in sugar, your body releases insulin to aid in the digestion process. "Your body interprets that insulin surge as a warning to store any extra calories as fat," says Kleiner. Skipping the free dough can prevent that message from ever reaching your fat cells. *Trimmed: 200 to 250 calories.*

NO. 8: HAVE MORE TO EAT TO EAT LESS. Having a salad (without the fattening dressing) or a light soup (like a broth or consommé) before a meal may sound like extra calories you don't need. However, a Penn State study reveals that eating a low-fat, low-carbohydrate dish (filled with vegetables and other foods rich in water and fiber) before a main course can reduce the total number of calories you consume during the entire repast by 16 percent, even if you usually throw back the chow like John Goodman at an all-you-can-eat $5.95 buffet. *Trimmed: 300 to 400 calories.*

NO. 9: EAT SOME CARROTS WITH YOUR COUSCOUS. You can eat as much starchy food as you want, so long as you're downing as much healthy food as the bad stuff. But that doesn't mean you have to whip out a bunch of stupid color-coded cards with Richard Simmons's face on them to figure out how much you should eat. (In fact, never use the words *whip out* and *Richard Simmons* in the same sentence. Ever.) Just have one forkful of vegetables for every forkful of starchy food (potato, rice, or pasta) you eat. "This extra shot of fiber will also help increase how fast your meal works its way through your system," says Lischin. The faster you can push your food through your system, the fewer calories it'll have time to absorb. *Trimmed: 250 to 300 calories.*

AFTER HOURS

NO. 10: ALWAYS ASK FOR A WATER CHASER. It doesn't matter how much Rocky Mountain water your beer was filtered with—it's still highly glycemic. What that means is that your body immediately has to raise its insulin levels to break down all those yummy malts, hops, and sugars floating in your system, a chemical release that tells the body to start storing as fat any calories it can find. The next time your bottle is half-empty, ask the bartender for an equal amount of water (typically 12 ounces, unless you and your buddies are drinking forties, in that case, stop hanging out with Robert Downey Jr. after work). When you finish your beer, have another water while you wait for the bartender to crack open your next brew. The excess water will help flush away sodium, allowing beer a faster journey in and out of the body so its calories have less time to be absorbed. *Trimmed: 300 to 400 calories.* — *Myatt Murphy*



COPPER MINDING

Compared to zinc, potassium, and selenium, copper doesn't get much press. Perhaps as a result, many Americans aren't getting enough of this essential mineral the body needs for normal growth and healthy bones, arteries, and heart. It's also important for nerve function and to help the body utilize sugar. Lack of copper may lead to such ills as anemia, osteoporosis, and heart problems. What's more, according to Dr. Leslie M. Klevay of the Human Nutrition Research Center at the Department of Agriculture in Grand Forks, North Dakota, insufficient copper can raise cholesterol, blood pressure, and uric acids; promote blood clotting; and damage electrolytes.

Adult men are advised to get from 1.5 to 2.5 milligrams a day.

How? Klevay suggests eating copper-rich foods before resorting to supplements. Legumes, organ meats, seafood, beans, mushrooms, seeds and nuts, and whole grains are good sources. Copper can be supplemented orally or by injection. Look for multivitamins or sports-nutrition bars containing copper gluconate; injections are of cupric sulfate. Before taking any copper supplement, however, consult with a health-care professional about possible allergic reactions to foods, preservatives, or dyes. Anyone taking penicillamine, trientine, or oral zinc supplements should ascertain whether it is safe to use copper supplements.—*Jane Garrard*

FACING FACTS

On some older men wrinkles look good. For most guys, though, crow's feet, frown lines, and other signs of aging are as welcome as a prostate biopsy. So, how to prevent the face in your mirror from doing a Mick Jagger?

For starters, limit your time in the sun. According to Dr. Ronald M. Klatz, president of the American Academy of Anti-Aging Medicine, "photodamage—the damaging effects of ultraviolet radiation—is the leading cause of prematurely aging skin and wrinkles." He recommends using sun block with an SPF of at least 15 when going outside. Apply 15 to 20 minutes before venturing out so the skin has time to absorb the lotion.

Dr. Klatz also recommends a Mediterranean diet high in antioxidants and fatty acids (healthy fats are important in promoting the elasticity of the skin) and topical application of the antioxidant vitamins E and C. "Vitamin E," he says, "acts as an effective sunscreen. Additionally, vitamins E and C have been shown to suppress the skin's sunburn reaction."

And moisturize, moisturize, moisturize. Klatz suggests a moisturizer containing coenzyme Q10, a powerful antioxidant found in every cell of the body.—*Jane Garrard*

Moisturizers and a Mediterranean diet can keep your face from pulling a Mick Jagger.

THE PAIN OF SEX

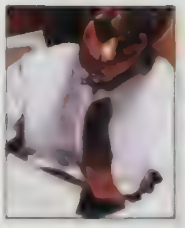
You're on the verge of climaxing, but as you do, your head feels like it's about to explode. The pleasure of your orgasm is overwhelmed by the pain of a sudden migraine. You may be suffering from "benign coital" headaches, which are a type of migraine or vascular headache that occur mostly in men in their twenties to forties who are in poor physical shape, or are mildly to moderately overweight or hypertensive.

"They tend to occur during more aggressive sex," says Dr. Charles C. Carter, at the Department of Neurology at Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland. "They can be very severe, and lovemaking is likely to trigger it." They are thought to be owing to sudden changes in blood vessels and blood flow around the brain.

In most cases this problem, while painful, is not serious and can be treated by taking headache medications before intercourse or taking beta-blockers on a regular basis. But in some cases these headaches can be signs of something more serious. If you're experiencing any of the described symptoms, check with your physician before you decide to start treating yourself.—*Jane Garrard*

NICK'S PICS

By Nicholas J. Guccione



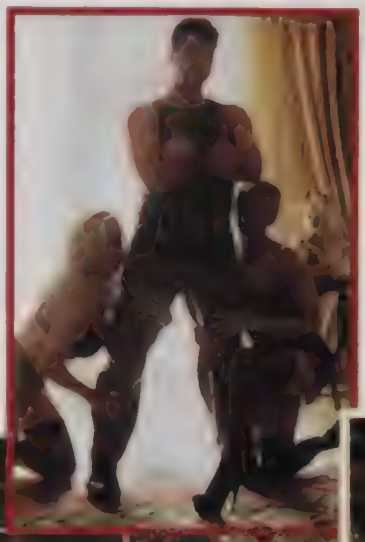
Behind the scenes: filming *Pet of the Year Play-Off 2002* with five very eager Pets!

A few months ago, as America's hottest beauty contest entered the final stretch, the *Penthouse* crew and I rounded up some of the hottest babes in the competition to make our video version of the 2002 Pet of the Year Play-Off.

Needless to say, we found a handful of lovely young ladies who were intrigued at the possibilities (although not as intrigued as I was!). They happily followed us into a beautiful mansion in Los Angeles, where they proceeded to get to know one another and feel more comfortable in each other's company.

There I was, once again with a group of beautiful Penthouse Pets who were aching to get their clothes off! Oh, the joys of adult entertainment, I thought to myself. We began to subdivide the house into different scenarios, seeing which environment suited each girl best. It's fun, of course, to envision what lovely girl will writhe in passion in any given location. After I decided who goes where, I had the daunting task of picking which lingerie would go best in that particular scene, and with what particular girl.

Since we had a very wide selection of clothing and undergarments to choose from, this took some time. We waded through clothing, and had the models try out all kinds of different outfits before I found the ones I liked and the ones the models liked. If the girls aren't happy, it shows. And if they're not happy, I'm not happy!



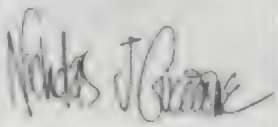
So now we're all one big happy family, and we can get to work. Now let me tell you, these girls do not mess around. There were several occasions when the word *cut* was taken by the Pets, in the middle of a hot love scene, to mean MORE!

You and I know that when a director yells "Cut" it means, well, STOP! But try telling that to a bunch of eager Pets. I sometimes had to pry them apart!

What's especially exciting (and makes for great video) is filming girls who are very new to the whole thing, and have never before experimented sexually with another girl. All of a sudden, when given the opportunity to kiss and caress each other and explore each others' bodies, their eyes light up, their breath shortens, they begin to tremble, and you can actually see their pussy lips moisten with excitement.

This kind of unrehearsed and unforeseen sexual tension is magical. The film crew of about 15 people suddenly got very quiet and a great hush fell around us as we watched, captivated by such untamed beauty.

If you'd like to share these moments, I recommend you watch *Pet of the Year Play-Off 2002*. God bless America!



I'd love to hear from you! E-mail me at: nicholas.guccione@generalmedia.com

To buy these and other fine products, go to www.store.penthouse.com

"As you knew, I've asked you here to discuss Jimmy's compulsion to display his genitals in the schoolyard."

TECHNOMANIA

High-tech tools for the 21st century

The next time you take a wrong turn, think Meridian Gold by Magellan. This handheld GPS gives you your location anywhere on earth. Its database maps cities, major roads, airports, parks, and waterways within a horizontal accuracy of seven meters and a vertical accuracy of ten meters. Waterproof and floatable, it stores up to 20 different routes, operates from 14° to 140° Fahrenheit, and at altitudes of up to 60,000 feet. It can deliver its data in several European languages and runs for up to 14 hours on two AA batteries. Click to www.magellangps.com and let Meridian Gold lead the way.

SONICblue has launched a line of VCRs that allow you to record two different TV shows simultaneously, or record one show while you watch another. The Go-Video dual-deck comes with VCR Plus+C³ for programming your VCR and cable box together. It has a rear-panel S-Video input, "flying erase heads" for professional editing, a microphone input for your own audio dubbing, a multimedia port for PC interface, and two sets of RCA rear jacks for your home-theater hookup. And only Go-Video enables you to wipe out all those annoying commercials from whatever you wish to tape. For more info, check out www.sonicblue.com.

By Ken Sander

Photos Robert Lorenz

Why didn't I think of that? Definitely a new look, this versatile computer desk from Nova Solutions, Inc., is called the Destiny. Its recessed computer ledge allows you to keep a clean work surface with no computer monitor to block your view. Existing furniture can be retrofitted into the unit. The Destiny lowers stress by reducing eye and neck strain and increasing your work area with an efficient, multiuse solution to desk space. Click to www.novasolutionsinc.com for more information.

FORUM

She also learned to love anal sex, especially when either a vibrator or dildo was crammed into her cunt at the same time. She maintained a sense of dignity and propriety through all of this, yet she also loved to talk dirty. She was so proper that when she went to the bathroom she always turned on the faucet so I wouldn't hear her taking a pee.

I don't want you to think that I'm some kinky weirdo, but we just kept upping the ante and found no limits. We had a level of trust between us that allowed for true sexual freedom, and I actually cherish the moments that we just held each other in bed.

For a whole year we never went to a movie and went out to eat very rarely. We were all about sex and sex alone. The unfortunate reality, however, is that my Miss Tuesday fell in love with me, and I could not take the relationship to where she needed it to be. She always knew this about me, and it is why she never divulged her name or any details of her life.

I dropped her off at a bus stop with both of us knowing it was over and that it was best left this way. I don't know if she will ever read this, but I'm hoping she does so that I can finally say thank you for everything. She was the best and will always be remembered.—*K.M. British Columbia*

Personal Touch

Maybe I should begin with Pat, my best friend since forever. We attended high school and college together. We got married within a year of each other, and our husbands have become good friends, playing cards and golfing together. We live about a mile apart. Our children go to the same school and often have sleepovers. Pat and I are both 34 years old, and she is the sister I never had. We can tell each other anything, and confide in each other whenever we need someone to talk to.

About two months ago my husband Dave and I wanted to take the kids to Disney World and escape the winter weather for a while. As part of my planning, I decided to buy a new swimsuit. Even after two children, I've managed to maintain my figure. Pat and I work out at the gym two or three afternoons a week while the kids play in the pool. Dave really likes it when I wear sexy lingerie or a swimsuit that turns heads at the pool, so I wanted to find something nice that he would like.

I came upon a cute little one-piece at a boutique in the mall. Its shiny metallic-red fabric fit nice and snug, like latex. The leg openings were French-cut and

the front was so narrow that I would have to shave my pubic area to wear it. The only time I had ever shaved before (Dave thought it would be sexy), the razor really irritated my skin and I had a rash for a week.

So I asked Pat if she knew of anything that I could do to lessen the discomfort. She smiled and said she knew just the thing. She told me about a beauty salon that she went to a couple times a month for a bikini waxing. You'd have to know Pat, but she's about the last person I would have ever thought of having a regular bikini waxing. She's sort of the librarian or schoolgirl type. Pat dug the business card for the shop out of her purse and gave it to me. She told me to call and make an appointment with Karen, the girl whose name was written on the back of the card.

The earliest appointment I could get with Karen was the following Wednesday, two days before Dave and the kids and I were to leave for our vacation. This made me a little concerned, because I wasn't sure what I would do if the waxing didn't work.

I arrived at the shop a few minutes early. It was a small place near downtown, and in all the years I've lived here, I'd never noticed it before. They do nails, tanning, permanent makeup, and waxing. The chairs in the reception area were large and comfortable, and there was a scent of coconut in the air with lots of big plants all around and soca music on the sound system. I felt as if I were already on vacation.

A young woman came out of the back and, smiling, asked if I was Cathy. She was tall, maybe five-seven, with long brown hair that hung down past her shoulders. She was wearing a light blue smock over a white T-shirt, cut-off jeans, and sandals. I told her yes, I was Cathy, her 1 P.M. appointment. She introduced herself as Karen and ushered me behind the curtain to the back of the shop, where there were three small private rooms.

The one she led me to was not at all what I'd expected. Fearing something clinical along the lines of my gynecologist's office, I was relieved to find a cozy little chamber with dim lights and an adjustable bed covered with towels instead of paper. There were footrests at the lower end. Karen asked if this was my first waxing, and I admitted it was. She assured me there was nothing to worry about, and stepped out of the room while I undressed and put on one of the terry-cloth robes hanging on the back of the door. I changed quickly, put my clothes on a shelf, and sat on the bed waiting for Karen to return.

She knocked softly on the door and came in carrying a basket of bottles and jars. She sat on the stool by the bed and said, "Okay, let's get comfortable. The hardest part is always the first 30 seconds."

I lay back on the bed and put my feet on the footpads. Karen opened my robe a bit and fiddled with the footrests to spread my legs a little wider. There was a small lamp attached to the wall; she turned it on and aimed its light between my legs.

Karen showed me the wax in a jar that was wrapped in a towel to keep the wax warm. She let me touch the wax with my fingers and then explained how it was applied, was allowed to cool for a moment, and was then pulled off with a cloth strip, taking the hair with it in one swift motion. "It's *almost* painless," she said. "Relax. I was scared the first time too." She smiled and handed me a mirror so I could watch exactly what was happening.

> "His cock was making a thick ridge down his thigh. I could see why the woman last night had shrieked with such pleasure."

It felt really odd having a complete stranger so close to my most personal zone while I watched what was going on in a mirror. Karen put on a pair of rubber gloves and looked up at me. "Ready?"

I nodded, too nervous to say anything. She dipped her fingers in the warm wax and started to smear a small amount on the edge of my pubic hair. She pressed a cloth strip on the waxed area, waited about 20 seconds, whispered, "Here goes," pulled off the cloth strip—and *zip*, the hair was gone. I heard myself gasp a little, but it was more from anticipation than anything else. It really didn't hurt much at all. I looked at my crotch with the mirror just as Karen started to put some wax on the other side to make it even. I was shocked to see that she'd taken about a third of my total triangle with the first swipe. I didn't say anything, just watched her fingers do their work. I took a deep breath and waited. The next zip was just as easy.

Looking at the mirror again, the sight of my near naked vagina was really exciting. A small strip of hair, maybe an inch wide, seemed to point to it like an arrow. "Well, what do you think?" Karen had obviously removed enough hair for me to be able to wear the bathing suit, and something about my new look gave me courage.

"A little more," I said with a smile. Karen smiled too. Two minutes later, little more than an exclamation point remained at the top of my pussy. Feeling pretty bold, I told Karen to take more.

"All of it?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "All of it."

She quickly removed the tiny remaining strip of hair, then said that there was just a little housekeeping to be done to take care of everything, adding that she thought I would really be pleased with the results. "Housekeeping" apparently means removing the hair around the anus and a few strays. This was accomplished by two quick zips, and then I was completely bald.

Just as I was about to take another look in the mirror at the final product, a phone rang in the reception area. Karen got up, removed her gloves, and said she'd be right back. She left the room, closing the door behind her. I was alone with my new "hair style," and I sat up on the bed to get a good look. Spreading my legs wide, I held the mirror close and, with trembling fingers, gently touched myself. My pussy was ultrasensitive. It tingled as I ran my fingertips across the bare skin. I marveled at how good this felt and at how wonderfully exciting everything looked, so totally exposed and sexy. I knew that Dave would love my new look as much as I did.

The feeling of my bare pussy against my hand was hypnotizing, and I guess I let my fingers linger just a little too long. I could feel a telltale wetness as, staring at the mirror, I gently tugged back and forth. I leaned forward to look more closely and, as my excitement started to build, I got a whiff of my sex. I could feel my nipples tingling, and I looked under the robe to find them puckered and hard. God, I thought, if she doesn't come back soon I'm going to make myself come. With that, there was a soft tapping on the door and Karen reentered the room.

Trying to act as if nothing were wrong, I could feel that my face was flushed. Karen didn't seem to pay any attention. She put on another pair of gloves and sat back down on the stool. She took a small bottle from the basket and turned to look at her handiwork. I'm certain that my wetness was visible, but Karen pretended not to notice, at least for a moment. She looked me right in the eye. "Now," she said, almost whispering, "this moisturizer is the best thing that

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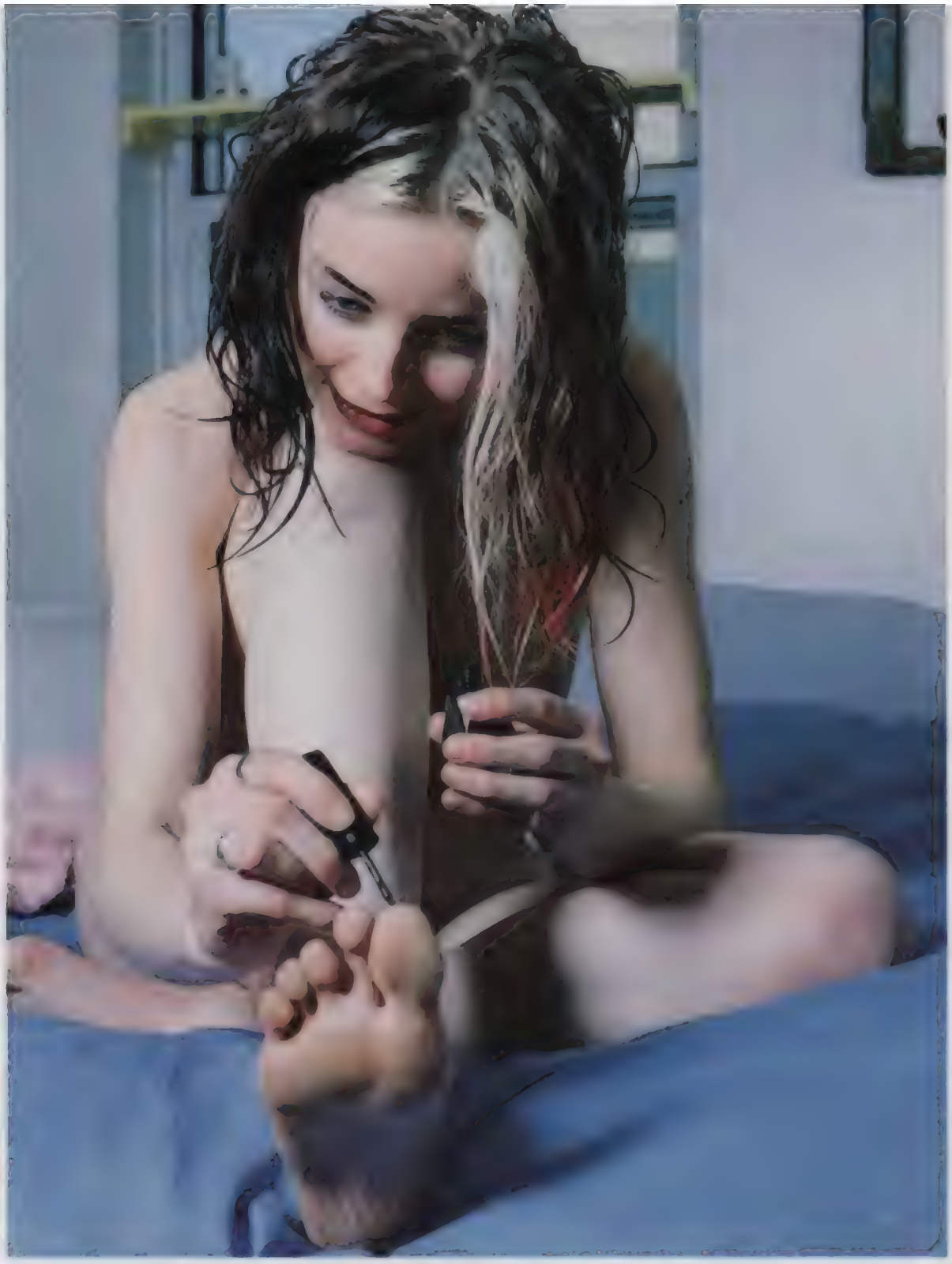


KERN'S TURN

At first glance, Richard Kern's latest photographs would seem to be nothing that unusual: ordinary women, posed in ordinary settings. But the end result is nothing short of extraordinary. In his most recent book, *Model Release*, published by Taschen, the photographer creates glorious art by depicting women just as they are. "The girls in my book aren't fashion models," he explains, "but each is beautiful in her own way."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD KERN

"I've been a fan of *Playboy*—of its glam [illegible] aesthetic—for years," Kern says. "But it can be nice to see girls photographed naturally too without all the makeup and sexy clothes."

Kern calls this book *Model Release* because he explains, it's a concise way to describe his profession. "The release is the most important thing for the photographer to get," he says. "It's a binding agreement between the model and the photographer—a concrete example of the implicit trust between them."

"If an image seems shocking remember this. Photography is a collaborative effort," Kern says. "The photo exists only because the girl was fine with it. I like

to come up with images that I think are interesting and will be interesting to others, and then wait to find the right girl who's willing to partake in them."

"The whole [illegible] girls who [illegible] can't be as beautiful as the women in the magazines, but wanted to be [illegible]. Being photographed [illegible]ke this validates their beauty," he says

In *Model Release*, Kern also enjoys depicting what he calls the "humorous side" of erotica. "I have a desire not to be so serious about everything," he says. "There's plenty of stuff in the world that needs to be taken seriously, but sex isn't one of those things. Just take it all in and enjoy it."

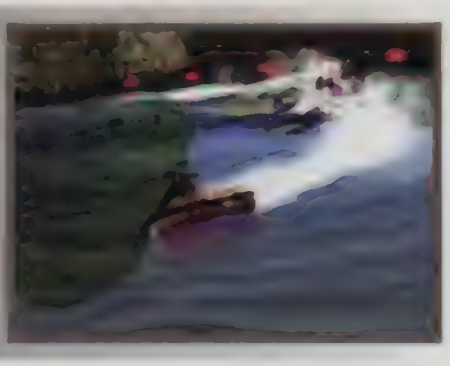
JOYSTICK

By David Kushner

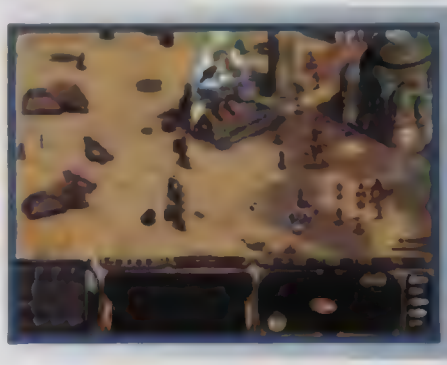
Your Guide to the Best New Video Games

Dead or Alive 3 (Tecmo—Xbox) *Dead or Alive 3* for the Xbox is one of the most gorgeous and compelling fight games around. Choose your character, from buff tattooed dudes to stealthy Japanese vixens. Each character possesses its own quirks, weaknesses, and strengths, like a lethal dropkick or a gut-busting leather-gloved punch. *DOA3* knows how to make the most of the Xbox's staggering hardware power. There are awesome details, from the sheen of a character's hair to the subtle flip of a dress in the breeze, and the settings, from a snowy plain to a soft sand beach, are breathtaking. A trio of specially licensed Aerosmith tunes pumps up the gladiatorial mood. Best, *DOA3* doesn't settle for the typical flat planes of most fighting games. Instead, it features multi-tiered levels, like precipitous mountain ledges, to add high drama to the proceedings. There's nothing quite like kicking butt on a butte.

Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3 (Activision—GameCube, Xbox, PC, PS2) Skate god Tony Hawk has spawned a virtual cottage industry in video games. The third installment of the Hawk series continues the fluid game play and quirky humor that made the first two such hits. Gamers pull all the handstands and back flips they can muster through modern-day Tokyo and a variety of urban skate parks. They can even customize their own locales. Plus, the environments are more responsive this time around—all the way down to passersby who offer tips throughout the game. There's also a reasonably cool online component that will let skaters compete over the Net (assuming they've got the right modem accessories hooked up to their consoles). The ultimate appeal here, though, is in the fancy footwork, legwork, and headwork that make skating so wickedly fun. Those who can't muster the nerve or coordination for real half-pipes can finally take a crack here.



Wave Race: Blue Storm (Nintendo—GameCube) Jet-ski racing comes to the new Nintendo GameCube in the form of *Wave Race*, the follow-up to the popular Nintendo 64 title. Though not a design breakthrough, *Wave Race* does sport some of the best water effects around. Players compete in various weather conditions, including thunder, lightning, and ice. Like most race games, this one lets you choose your character, and each character has its own skills and abilities, whether fast and reckless or cool and steady. Most compelling of all are the tiny details and effects that bring the game to life. Dolphins glide undersea. Water laps up against your machine at the starting gate. Jet skis bob realistically as they coast over the choppy seas. For gamers used to car-racing titles, cruising on water can feel slippery if not frustrating. But skill and patience pay off for some seriously fluid action.



Star Wars Galactic Battlegrounds (LucasArts—PC) The *Star Wars* franchise has unleashed some of the most popular sci-fi, fantasy, and action games around. *Star Wars Galactic Battlegrounds* attempts to conquer the next great genre: real-time strategy. The game utilizes the programming engine of *Age of Kings*, the monumentally successful historical title by Ensemble. In the hands of George Lucas's team, it re-creates characters and scenarios from all the *Star Wars* films. Game play follows the strategy and skirmishes of six recognizable factions: the Empire, the Rebel Alliance, the Wookies, the Gungans, the Royal Naboo, and the Trade Federation. The action challenges players' ability to intelligently cull and direct troops, while building resources and expanding territory. The overhead view allows players to create their own little virtual worlds, replete with white-armored Storm Troopers and Rebel X-Wing aircraft. Sorry, no Leia.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

you can use to keep from having any discomfort." She poured a thick drop of honey-colored liquid onto the small patch of my skin that had only a few minutes earlier been covered with tiny blonde curls. My tummy muscles tightened and I gasped quietly when the oil hit my skin.

Using just the tip of her index finger, she began to make slow little circles in the cream. The feel of her finger so close to my bare pussy almost made me gasp. Karen again looked directly into my eyes as her finger massaged my tender skin. The circles became a little larger, and she increased the pressure of her finger, all the time watching my face for any reaction. "You'll have to use this lotion every day," she murmured. I started to squirm under her touch. I tried to answer, but had long ago lost my composure. No woman had ever touched me like this before, but I was past caring. I propped myself up on my elbows and looked back into her eyes, telling Karen with my gaze that she could do anything she wanted to me. I was beyond the point of no return and powerless to stop her anyway.

Still smiling, she looked down at my pussy and applied a second finger to the massage. I spread my legs wide and shimmied toward her, trying to get her to be more aggressive. I wanted this girl to make me come. She laughed and told me to take it easy. "Your skin is really sensitive now, and you don't want to do anything to cause it pain. You have to be gentle. You have to take your time." As her fingers continued to rub lotion into my skin, I felt the tip of her thumb gently brush against the lips of my pussy. The first time, it was barely noticeable. The second time it strayed between those lips, and the third time, it slipped inside me about halfway.

My head fell back and I moaned. Karen gently advanced her thumb until it was buried inside me, and her fingers began to really work me over. She eased my legs a little farther apart with her other hand, and her fingers started to pick up speed. I pulled my robe open and grabbed my breasts, squeezing them and pinching my tiny nipples. Over the sound of my ragged breathing, I could hear Karen whisper, "Yeah, baby. That's it. That's it. Let go." Well, I had no choice. That's exactly what I did. I let go.

My hips bucked like crazy and I called her name over and over. I heard myself crying, "Oh, so sweet!" and I collapsed, quivering and moaning. With her hand still on my throbbing pussy, Karen slid the stool over and kissed me gently on the mouth. My lips parted instinctively and my tongue sought hers as we shared the loveliest, most sensuous kiss of my life. I wrapped my arms around her and held on tightly as the waves of my orgasm slowly subsided.

After a few moments, hearing no sound except my own breathing, I looked into her eyes and smiled.

"Nice?" she whispered.

"Nice," was all I could say. She got up to leave the room and looked back over her shoulder. "Go ahead and get dressed," she said. "You're going to be a knockout on vacation." Oh, yes, the vacation. I had forgotten all about it.

I stood up on very shaky legs and dressed quickly. At the front of the shop, Karen stood by the counter, looking like the cat who'd licked the cream. "One bikini waxing, $21," she said.

I opened my wallet, took out a twenty and a five, and handed the money to her. "Are you allowed to take tips?" I asked.

"Only if you are 100 percent satisfied," was the young woman's smart-alecky response. I handed her two more twenties and kissed her again. She walked me to the door and unlocked it, then turned the lights back on in the darkened reception area. I now realized she had locked up when she went to answer the phone, assuring that we would have privacy. I wonder how she knew. "When you get back from vacation," she called after me, "come in for a touch-up."

All the way home I replayed in my head what had happened. I couldn't believe what I had just done. And I couldn't believe how much I'd enjoyed it. I also couldn't believe that I had every intention of making an appointment for that "touch-up" sometime soon.

There was a message on the answering machine when I got home. I was not the least bit surprised to hear that it was Pat. "Hi, Cathy, it's me," she said. "I just wanted to see how your appointment went with Karen. Did she take good care of you?" Then there was a giggle on her end. That little sneak! I can't wait to take "revenge," perhaps with a threesome. I'm hoping Karen will be willing to help me out. —*C.V., Idaho*

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THE JOKE MAN

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of...

JACKIE MARTLING

Harry's on vacation in the Caribbean. After the first day his legs are badly sunburned, so he goes to a doctor's office. The doctor examines his legs and says, "Try this." He hands Harry a Viagra tablet.

Harry says, "What will this do to relieve my sunburn?"

The doctor says, "Nothing, but it'll keep the sheets off of your legs tonight."

What's a consultant?
A guy who knows 35 ways to fuck, but can't seem to get a date.

• George bursts into the dining room. "Dad! Mom!" he says. "I have some great news for you! I'm getting married to Susan, who lives on the next block."

After dinner, George's father takes him aside. "Son," he says, "your mother and I have been married for 30 years, and she's a wonderful wife and mother, but she's never been too exciting in bed. So I used to fool around with other women a lot . . . and Susan is actually your half-sister. I'm afraid you can't marry her."

George is brokenhearted. After eight months, he gradually starts dating again, and a year later he comes home and announces, "Dianne and I are getting married in June."

His father pulls him aside again and says, "Dianne is your half-sister too, George. Sorry."

George is very upset, and decides to go to his mother. He explains everything to her, and then says, "I guess I'm never going to get married. Every time I fall in love, Dad tells me the girl is my half-sister."

George's mother says, "Don't pay any attention to him. He's not really your father."

What's a gay guy's favorite place to work?
A manhole.

• Farmer Barry says to his doctor, "Doc, once in a while when I'm out in the field I get excited and feel like romancin', but by the time I run back to the house to my wife I lose the feelin'."

The doctor says, "Just take your shotgun out into the field with you. When you get the feeling, shoot off the gun, and when your wife hears it, she can come out to you."

A few months later the doctor sees Barry in town. He says, "Well, Barry, how's the old sex life?"

The farmer says, "Oh, it was great for a while, Doc . . . until huntin' season came and my wife run herself to death."

Halvangis says to the sporting-wear salesman, "I want to buy a bathing suit for my wife."
The salesman says, "What size?"
Halvangis says, "Small, medium, and large—in that order."

• Two blondes are walking down the street when one of them bends over and picks up a piece of broken mirror. She looks in it and says, "Wow, this girl looks really familiar."

The other blonde grabs the glass from her, looks in it, and says, "You dumb shit, that's me."

• A Kentucky man decides that he's a racehorse, so his wife puts him in the nuthouse. A few weeks later the doctor at the asylum calls the wife and tells her to come get her husband.

She says, "Is he cured?"

The doctor says, "No, but he broke his leg today in the fifth race, so he's putting himself out to stud."

What did Hannibal Lecter have for breakfast?
Kevin Bacon and eggs.

• Tommy's drinking in a bar, and he sees a guy two stools away every once in a while reach around to tug on a piece of string that's hanging out of the back of his shirt collar.

Tommy says, "Hey, pal, what's that string for?"

The guy says, "Two weeks ago I had a date with a really cute girl, and when we got into bed, I couldn't get a hard-on. It made me so fucking mad that I tied this string to the end of my dick, and now, every time I think of how it let me down, I pull on the string so my cock can kiss my ass."

Who's the world's best salesman?
A married man who can make his wife feel sorry for the girl who lost her bra and panties in his car.

• Carlson and his wife take separate vacations for the first time. When they get back home, Carlson confesses, "Dear, I almost did something awful. One night at the hotel I danced with a great-looking woman. Then we had some drinks, and I wound up in her room. She pulled down the covers, we took off our clothes, and I actually crawled on top of her. But before anything could happen, I thought of you, hopped off her, and ran to my room. What do you have to say about that?"

His wife says, "You're lucky. You were on top."

• Clara says to her friend, "My husband is so absentminded. Yesterday we were making love on the couch when the doorbell rang, and he got up and answered it."

Her friend says, "What's so absentminded about that?"

Clara says, "He took me with him."

If you think you can stump The Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a copy of his Oglio Records CD F Jackie. Please include your mailing address with your submission.*

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ARTICLE by RACHEL STOKOE

These quintessential outsiders are creating a media empire, including books, radio,

ILKIN

PHOTOS by MARK MANN

Internet, and movie deals. But will success spoil America's sharpest humor magazine?

G the ONION

"Report: Gen X Irony, Cynicism May Be Permanently Obsolete"—The *Onion*, September 26, 2001

Some might see this headline as the sad self-eulogy of the *Onion*, the online and print newspaper that spoofs culture and politics and reads like *USA Today* as edited by Alfred E. Neuman.

From its inception, the *Onion* has parodied media coverage and what we deem newsworthy, exposing larger issues about American society through humor. A typical week's worth of headlines may include "Nation's Porn Stars Demand to Be Fucked Harder," "Bush Trying to Decide How to Spend His Tax Refund," and "Surgeon General: Americans Have Gigantic Fat Asses."

I visited them last year at their new New York headquarters and sat in on an editorial meeting. Dressed in the slacker uniform of retro theme T-shirts and baggy shorts, they batted around ideas over assorted takeout containers. Between soda runs they hashed out possible articles on Janet Reno, Chechnya, and the more pressing matter of the growing popularity of salsa as a condiment.

Did I mention one of the writers was buck-naked?

"In honor of *Penthouse*," Joe Garden said of his pasty bare chest and flaccid penis, a Rosie O'Donnell doll smiling like a deranged kewpie on the bookshelf behind his head.

That was before September 11.

When I stop by *Onion* HQ soon after the terrorist attacks, staffers are still figuring out that fine line between humor and offensiveness. As evidenced by David Letterman's and Jon Stewart's shell-shocked first shows back on air, being funny has suddenly become hard. Especially when a good portion of your jokes derive from America's political leaders and their foibles.

It's fall in New York, so the staff's shorts and T-shirts have been replaced by torn jeans and flannel button-downs. Reno has been replaced by Rumsfeld, Chechnya by Afghanistan, and the popularity of salsa has been replaced by whether or not Lara Flynn Boyle bleaches her anus.

Oh, and Joe's still naked.

"September 11 didn't really change the *Onion* except to the extent that it changed the world, and the *Onion* reflects the world," says Tim Harrod, a staff writer.

This is good news for the *Onion*'s large fan base, which turns to the paper for its unblinking critique of culture and Swiftian approach to satire. Over the past ten years the *Onion* has quietly become the Next Big Thing in comedy. Its success is the tale of the Little Independent That Could. In a media world where a handful of corporations owns all the major news and entertainment outlets, these satirists have managed to expand without being bought out or cushioning their sensibility to appeal to the masses. Their empire has grown to include books, radio shows, and possible movie deals. Their fans range from late-night host Conan O'Brien to *Simpsons* creator Matt Groening to former Vice President Al Gore—who has found himself the brunt of many an *Onion* headline, including "Gore Upset That Clinton Doesn't Call Anymore."

Their humor drifts from lowest-common-denominator shtick to acute political commentary, with the same biting tone no matter how high- or lowbrow the subject. "If I had to choose three words to describe us, I'd say *smart*, *mean*, and *honest*," says editor-in-chief Rob Siegel, who is loath to be lumped in with the empty shock antics of MTV's *Jackass* or a Farrelly brothers flick.

"We don't want to be offensive for offensiveness's sake," says Siegel. "We really take pains to make sure whatever we say we're on the right side of the issue. There's no subject we would never joke about."

Take their September 11 coverage. A more timid humor publication would have kept a low profile until things blew over, and then skipped the issue altogether. Instead: "American Life Turns Into Bad Jerry Bruckheimer Movie," "God Angrily Clarifies 'Don't Kill' Rule," "A Shattered Nation Longs to Care About Stupid Bullshit Again."

On the *Onion*'s first day back online, its site received a record 399,791 visitors—about 100,000 more than the previous peak the week after the 2000 presidential elections. Within hours of their post-attack coverage going up, readers posted their reactions on Plastic.com, an Internet news-commentary site. "God bless the *Onion*," wrote one fan.

"I was actually nauseous the whole week," says Joe Garden, who donned clothes after his butt started sticking to his ergonomic chair. "Not that we were doing the wrong thing, but because I thought we'd come off as doing the wrong thing."

Garden has a habit of taking off his pants in front of fellow journalists. Last year the *Onion* moved from Madison, Wisconsin, home of the cheese-head and polka, to media-central New York City, home of the cell phone and power lunch, to help facilitate its leap to the major leagues. The *New Yorker*, Gotham's bastion of intellectual high-mindedness and good taste, which had previously adjudged the *Onion* "the funniest publication in the United States," invited the staff out for a friendly softball match as a welcome to the city. Garden dropped trou during the game while, from the bleachers, head writer Todd Hanson mercilessly razzed some of New York's finest journalists.

"They beat the crap out of us," says Garden, by now used to

"In honor of *Penthouse*," Joe Garden said of his pasty bare chest and flaccid penis

crushing defeat (back in Wisconsin, the *Onion* gang lost 17 of their 21 games with two wins by forfeit). "I actually got a dig in at one of the cartoonists I was manning third base, and he said, 'I've been doing cartoons since the seventies,' and I said, 'What's your specialty: doctors or lawyers?' "

Garden's nudism stunt typifies the humor that has earned the *Onion* its reputation as one of the sharpest satirical publications today. Refusing to align themselves with any institution or group, they remain quintessential outsiders. Their style is pointed and political, no matter how revered or off-limits the subject, whether it be Columbine ("Columbine Jocks Safely Resume Bullying") or Christopher Reeve ("Christopher Reeve Placed Atop Washington Monument"). And whenever big-deal publications like the *New Yorker* extend a hand to welcome the *Onion* to their prestigious ranks, the *Onion* not only says "No thank you," but undoes its belt buckle and moons them.

The paper was brought into the world in 1988 on the campus of the University of Wisconsin in Madison by students Tim Keck and Chris Johnson. It was a black-and-white giveaway with coupons for Mike's Super Subs on the back. "The U. Wisconsin campus is inundated with the most serious, lead-footed, politically minded student journalism you've ever seen," says staff writer John Krewson. "It's a very political campus. It's huge—50,000 students—so there were seven or eight weekly papers. We were the fun one."

The setting was ripe for the *Onion* to take root and develop its formula. It's unlikely the publication could have been born in the savage media-saturated New York market. "Out in

"That reminds me . . happy St. Patrick's Day!"

Wisconsin, far from the entertainment industry, it had time to find its voice without any interference," says Siegel. "It was a good ten years before anybody really paid it any attention. If we were in New York, people would have been more impatient with it."

Keck and Johnson turned over the *Onion* after about a year to Peter Haise, now the company's CEO, and Scott Dikkers, who has since left the paper. Originally, the sheet was a combination of tabloidy *Weekly World News* headlines and sophomoric college humor. After a few years it found its formula and started to resemble its current incarnation. In 1994 Haise and Dikkers launched a regional edition in Milwaukee, and later expanded to Denver and Chicago.

While they've always had a strong base in the college bong-hit set, things really took off when the *Onion* went online in 1996. Its antiestablishment parodies, like "14-Year-Old Collapses Under Weight of Corporate Logos," were forwarded into office inboxes across the nation, traveling from cubicle to cubicle like the whispers of a worker-bee revolution.

"We were in the right place at the right time," says Garden. "We had actually established ourselves in a smaller environment as a comedy source. We knew what we were doing, we had a focus, so when we went online it was just a matter of putting the printed page up—we had already worked out the kinks. The Internet is the biggest reason we caught on."

These days, while other comedy sites have folded into the dotcom graveyard, the *Onion* gets up to a million hits a week. Starbucks firewalled the Website from its corporate server, citing it as being too antiproductive for the coffee chain's employees. (The move came on the heels of the *Onion* article "Starbucks to Begin Sinister 'Phase Two' of Operation.") Besides a handful of Webby awards (the Internet's answer to the Oscars) and the Thurber Prize for American Humor, the *Onion* was mentioned on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, the gauge of cultural relevance in our society.

Onion Radio News, the broadcast version of the paper, is syndicated to more than 100 stations. DreamWorks optioned two of its articles, "10th Circle Added to Rapidly Growing Hell" and "Canadian Girlfriend Unsubstantiated." Earlier this year the *Onion* inked a deal with Miramax for first-look rights to story ideas. "They're basically paying for first rights to our brains," says editor Siegel. "In return, we have a nice inside track to getting a movie made."

On the publishing front, they've released three books: *Our Dumb Century: The Onion Presents 100 Years of Headlines From America's Finest News Source* (which stayed on the *New York Times* best-seller list for 24 weeks), *The Onion's Finest News Reporting*, and *Dispatches From the Tenth Circle: The Best of the Onion*.

The next logical step is television, a possibility they have not discounted, but which they are hesitant to confirm. "I'm sure it would be a small cultish *Larry Sanders*–type thing," says Siegel. "The audience would change if we ran it on NBC. The bigger the audience the more broad you have to be with your humor."

> "Maybe I just need to grow up, and this is something I shouldn't have at age 29, but I like it," says editor-in-chief Rob Siegel.

Creative freedom, the *Onion* maintains, is the biggest consideration when it comes to such deals. While there's no doubt all concerned would welcome the larger paychecks that would come with a corporate relationship, they would be nervous about being forced to tone down the *Onion* aesthetic. "There's something about people who acquire things," says John Krewson, the staff's sole Married Guy, "whether it be a big company or a girlfriend; they then want to change you into something they did not like in the first place."

Given their antiestablishment slant, perhaps the most ironic measure of their arrival to the big time was Siegel's nomination by *People* magazine to its Top 100 list of eligible bachelors for 2001. "He was living in my computer room at the time," says Krewson.

Keeping its ego in check may be the *Onion*'s best safeguard against slipping into elitist "doctors or lawyers"–type humor. *Onion* staffers have never had compunctions about turning their cultural criticism on themselves. They may make fun of small-town slackers who watch too much cable and eat too much pizza, but they're the first to admit that's exactly who they themselves are. Each writer specializes in a subject that he or she embodies—even though by the time it gets through a merciless editing process all traces of individuality are effectively subsumed into one single *Onion*-flavored voice.

Tim Harrod, who could have been a Trekkie if things had turned out differently in life, comes up with most of the stories about geek culture. Todd Hanson, who wears his dour cynicism as easily as he does his beat-up American-flag Converse sneakers, excels at covering the horrors of modern existence. Senior editor Carol Kolb, who used to run the Madison Museum of Bathroom Tissue back in Wisconsin, is responsible for most of their shticks about small-town America. Krewson—who's attended a lot of Packers games—addresses "manly man" issues. Maria Schneider does their turn-of-the-century references ("It comes up more often than you would think," says Siegel). Chris Karwowski does their food-related items. And then there's Joe Garden, the naked guy.

As the graphics director, Mike Loew (who wrote the book *Tough Call: Hard-Hitting Phone Pranks*) probably has the hardest job of the bunch. He procures the photos that illustrate articles like "Area Lesbians Engage in Hot Lesbian Action." That story was a spoof on the old porn cliché, and entailed convincing the two butchest women he could find to pose for a picture. "There's just no dignity," Loew says, shaking his head and resting his hand on the foosball table that decorates the office—a gift from Crown Books, publishers of *Our Dumb Century*.

Loew has some help from photographer Chad Nackers, who, with his swinging ponytail and goatee, is their Jesus-photo stand-in (which also comes up more often than you'd think).

As staffers are quick to point out, none came from a comedy background. Todd Hanson was a dishwasher before the *Onion* started paying. Tim Harrod sold sandwiches up the street. Most *Onion* grads, however, have found themselves plum positions in comedy writing. One is at Fox's *Futurama*, another's the head writer at *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*.

But mostly the writer turnaround is roughly that of the Rolling Stones: not until someone dies. Most *Onion* staffers have been there close to a decade, and were happy enough with their jobs to uproot their lives and move to New York. The camaraderie of the group is apparent to anyone who encounters it en masse. They rib each other in front of strangers, get into loud fights, belch, and prop their feet on the table during meetings. Clearly, this publication is more than a job for them.

"It's like you're high school friends

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

LEXINGTON & DANNACA

When Dannaca laid eyes on Lexington at a chic London club, she was entranced by his good looks: tall, so dark, and very handsome, just as she liked her men. She was especially taken by the bulge she'd spotted in his pants, and without any encouragement she had sidled up to him on the dance floor — and then slid seductively up and down his sweaty body. Dannaca was sure that if Lexington was feeling between *his* legs what she had going on between *hers*, her dry-humping frottage would not be enough: they would have to get to know each other more intimately. When she dragged him back to her place, he didn't argue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY WARD

Lex's nightstick stood at attention, and Dannaca couldn't wait to get her hands on it. She knelt before him and wrapped her fingers tight around the shaft, then brought her lips to his balls and sucked longingly

She lapped at his chocolaty rod just to tease him, and he pleasured her in return. Lexington tickled Dannaca's pink clit with his tongue, then dipped inside her pussy for a taste of her nectar.

Dannaca had never had so much man and wasn't sure she could handle him... but there was only one way to find out. She fellated his huge, throbbing head, enjoying the weight of it in her mouth.

Lexington spread out on the bed and positioned Damaca's lithe body above him. She put his cockhead slowly inside her, and when that felt comfortable

she took in one more inch and then another Soon they fell into a rhythm of up, down, in, out, and Diannaca moaned and groaned with rapture She had never been so full

Traces of Lexington's precome mingled with Dannaca's joy juice and seeped from her netherlips He slipped out of her wet pussy and straight into her back side He was

surprised when Dannaca didn't protest, instead falling in step with his thrusts. She was surprised too, but she loved every motion. After all, she was no plain-vanilla kind of girl.

RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

A musical student, Mae Corrigan,
entertained us all on the organ
Not the kind that one sees
with black and white keys,
but the one on my buddy, Joe Morgan

—Submitted by Walt Hopmans

There once was a girl named Collette
whose pussy could sing when 'twas wet
Not long after starting
she'd soon begin farting,
creating a charming duet

—Submitted by Mark Wiemiller

There was a town bully named Stone,
Most folks knew to leave him alone
The MD's diagnosis
was osteo-ferocious—
you see, he was bad to the bone

—Submitted by Bill Taylor

There once was a fellow named Becker
who had an extremely long pecker
His wife said his schlong
was so dreadfully long,
with one misplaced thrust he could wreck her

—Submitted by Mark Narveson

Original limericks can be submitted to "Ribald Rimes," c/o *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001, or via the Penthouse Website www.penthouse.com. You must certify that your limericks are your own original compositions, not copyrighted and never been published anywhere. We'll publish our favorites in upcoming issues, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

misdemeanor. In some cases submissiveness can be put down to laziness. In the same way that a super-macho man can growl from his armchair in front of the TV, "Hey, bitch, bring me another six pack," he can also lie flat on his back and murmur, "Darling, please give me a blowjob, you do it so beautifully," because that requires no effort on his part. If you sit on his face to carry out your mission, he is likely to complain that he is suffocating, or that the necessary concentration on his own tongue work prevents him from being able to come.

Most men have to be taught that the male nipple is an erogenous zone. One of my boyfriends caresses his own nipples while masturbating; he says the pleasure comes not through the nipple, but through his fingers that are doing the touching. This is thinking along the same lines as jerking off with your left hand if you're a righty, because then you can imagine that someone else is doing it.

I am not sure you are truly submissive, from the way you gave instructions in the massage parlor—"I *had* her massage my breasts," and "I turned over and *had* her massage my balls and cock." Okay, you are paying for it, so it is your right to tell her what you want, but Mr. Truly Submissive would probably just lie there and hope for the best.

It is a very normal male characteristic to be turned on by a woman who is the aggressor, who initiates the sex, does the feeling up, and undresses the man while he just sits (or lies) there, loving it. Almost every man I asked about this loves the idea.

You can simply test your submission quotient by visiting a genuine dominatrix, several of whom advertise in the back pages of this magazine. If you enjoy complete domination, bully for you, but I suspect that what you really want is a surrogate mother figure who undresses you, puts you to bed, and then transforms herself into a sex goddess, massaging your whole body to a state of bliss. This means that you are a closet motherfucker!

Every Which Way, José

My next-door neighbors are a lesbian couple, Jamie and Jackie. They are nice friendly women who have been living here for three years. I'm a single man who sleeps in the nude. I get up at six every morning, put on a pair of bikini briefs, and pick up the paper from my doormat, which amounts to about two seconds of exposure.

One morning I opened my door and Jamie was standing outside her door in a robe. We made eye contact and she looked me over, lingering on my crotch, which got bigger under her scrutiny. I laughed sheepishly, and she nodded her head in appreciation. I picked up my paper, gave her a side view, and flexed. Then I bowed politely, threw her a big smile, and each of us laughed and waved as I went back into my apartment. I thought nothing more about it—after all, I told myself, she is a lesbian.

Over the next several weeks she began leaving their door open in the mornings, and I'd have a hard-on when I went to get my paper, anticipating another such encounter. But whenever we crossed paths in the hall, she'd make no overt comment—only glance at my crotch the same way I'd check out a woman's body.

Then a few weeks ago, while Jackie was away on business, Jamie knocked on my door and asked me if I'd help her move their couch. I didn't give it a second thought. I followed her over to their apartment, and when we finished she once again stared at my crotch. I asked if she liked the way it looked, and she said that she hadn't actually seen how "it" looked.

That was all I needed to hear. I quickly dropped my shorts and rubbed my hard-on a few times while she licked her lips. I peeled off my G-string, and she peeled off her tank top and bra. Her nipples were swollen. She dropped her shorts. She was sans panties and her pussy was completely shaved. She came toward me, fingering her pussy. I responded by rubbing my cockhead over her labia. Panting, she broke into a sweat. She was so hot!

I put her hand on my cock and she squeezed it. Then she knelt down in front of me, licked the head of my penis, and cried, "Oh, my God! Real live cock!" as if she hadn't seen one in 20 years. She sucked me like there was no tomorrow. It was the best head I'd ever had. She kept saying, "Real live cock!" like a mantra.

She lay on the floor, spread her legs, and held her pussy open so that I could give her more of that real live cock. When I entered her she let out the deepest groan of satisfaction I'd ever heard, and we fucked for what seemed like days. We went through every position, and she came so many times I lost count. I fucked her pussy, her tits, and her mouth, and she sucked me off. We were lying on the floor, covered with come, when we started frenching. I got hard again and she rode me, telling me how incredible real live cock felt.

We fucked day in, day out, until Jackie came home. Then it was like nothing ever happened. As soon as Jackie went out of town again, Jamie

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

By Jonathan Davis

TRADING PUNCHLINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

Jim Edwards

"I don't look in the mirror very often. I have a dog, and I just look at him."

Name three things you don't think you'll see in your lifetime.

Steven Seagal winning an Academy Award, DiMaggio's hitting streak being broken, and a bisexual girl who has her shit together—because they're all fucked up.

What is your worst habit?

Is masturbation a habit? Like, what's the amount of times in which it goes from a bad habit to compulsion? I don't do it a lot. I'm probably like everybody else. I always say to myself afterwards, "There's 30 seconds that I could have been doing something more productive."

What's something that would have made your first sexual experience better?

Knowing that the parents would be home sooner than we expected. The girl was babysitting that night, and when the parents walked in, my pants were down to my ankles.

If you could enact any law about women, what would it be?

Every gorgeous Asian woman has to be with me at one time or another. I'm concerned that the Chinese basketball player the Dallas Mavericks signed is really here to bring national treasures like Michelle Kwan and Lucy Liu back to mainland China. Not that Lucy Liu is considered a national treasure by most, but any woman that I want to fuck that badly *should* be considered a national treasure if she were ever to become available. I'd say I'd be on her list somewhere around 38,004.

If George W. Bush allowed you to implement one program or policy, what would it be?

Free pussy for everyone at least one day of the year. I'm just happy for everyone who is getting laid, unless you're fucking somebody else's wife or husband.

Do you think a child of a same-sex couple can have a healthy upbringing?

The nursing issue could be a problem. How are gay guys going to nurse their babies? I don't even want to think about that.

If a woman asked you to donate your sperm so she could have a child, and said you would have no obligation to that child, would you do it?

My sperm is too valuable a commodity, and there are too many fatherless children in today's society. So I would say no. However, if I could fuck her and she was a hot Asian babe, then she could have all the sperm she wanted. In all honesty, I could not do it. I just don't think it's right.

What was the worst incident you've had with a heckler?

I was in San Francisco, which has a large Asian population. I did this bit where I would say, "There's this disease—have you heard about it? It's called Chinese herpes. The first two stages are normal, you get the sores and the inflammation. The third stage is you forget how to drive." The next thing I knew something hit me in the eye, and it was a piece of ice. This guy started screaming at me. Now, I don't know if he had ever suffered from Chinese herpes or if he was just pissed off. The guy wanted to kill me, though. Thank God my friend Bob, who ran the club, was a kung-fu master, and he got the guy to back down. It was such a bad choice on my part. I was just young and stupid.

When was the last time you looked in the mirror and said, "Man, I look good"?

My house is like Las Vegas, where they don't have clocks in the casino. Only I don't have mirrors. I don't look in the mirror very often. I have a dog, and I just look at him.

What was the best pick-up line you ever used?

"Do you want to come back to my hotel room and suck my dick?" I was doing this show in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and this woman who was very gorgeous and aggressive started talking to me, and I just decided to ask her. She said yes. She was the best kisser I ever had, but the blowjob was not that memorable. I don't think I could ever pull that off again, and I haven't tried.

If you could be somebody else for a day, who would you want to be?

Whatever guy is fucking Lucy Liu. I don't know who he is. He could be some big fat guy from Bakersfield for all I know, but I'd still love to be him for a day. Actually, the best combination would be being Tiger Woods fucking Lucy Liu.

You're a former Indianapolis sportscaster. Do you have any great Bobby Knight stories?

Indiana was playing a bad Wisconsin team back in the eighties. I think Indiana was up by about six or eight at the half. Bobby's wife at the time, Nancy, grabbed the microphone in front of a sold-out crowd in Indiana, and went into a profanity-laced tirade, telling the fans to start getting behind their team. I had the entire episode on camera, like all the other local stations, and couldn't believe what I was hearing and seeing. I head back to the station and go on the air to do my local sports report, and end up running out of time and not being able to show the incident. I was the only one in town who didn't run the story. Well, I get a call from both coach Knight and his wife, thanking me. His wife gave me an open invitation to sit with her at any Indiana game.

Is it best not to have a "loaded gun" before going on a hot date?

It's best to get your stuff done beforehand. It's better to have a little less sperm and a lot more time with a hot woman.

If you could erase one sexual experience, which would it be?

I got caught in a circle jerk. The guys turn off the lights and say we're all going to jerk off, and they quickly turn them on again and you are the only one stroking your johnson.

What was the worst thing a woman ever said to you during sex?

"You're going to have to give me an extra hundred bucks."

What do you think about women with breast implants?

Worse than a bad breast implant is a bad penile implant. I can tell you from experience.

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ONLINE Humor

GOLDEN NUGGETS FROM THE INTERNET • EDITED BY TONINA

THE ULTIMATE GUY QUIZ

1. Passionate, spontaneous sex on the kitchen floor is:
   a) healthy, creative love-play
   b) not the sort of thing your wife/girlfriend would ever agree to
   c) not the sort of thing your wife/girlfriend need ever find out about

2. You should make love to a woman for the first time only after you've both shared:
   a) your views about what you expect from a sexual relationship
   b) your blood-test results
   c) five tequila slammers

3. You should time your orgasm so that:
   a) your partner climaxes first
   b) you both climax simultaneously
   c) you don't miss *SportsCenter*

4. In the company of females, intercourse should be referred to as:
   a) lovemaking
   b) screwing
   c) the pigskin bus pulling into tuna town

5. Spending the whole night cuddling with a woman you've just had sex with is:
   a) the best part of the experience
   b) the second-best part of the experience
   c) $300 extra

6. Your girlfriend says she's gained five pounds in the past month. You tell her that it is:
   a) no concern of yours
   b) not a problem—she can join your gym
   c) a conservative estimate

7. You think today's sensitive, caring man is:
   a) a myth
   b) an oxymoron
   c) a moron

8. Foreplay is to sex as:
   a) appetizer is to entrée
   b) primer is to paint
   c) a line is to an amusement-park ride

9. Which of the following are you most likely to find yourself saying at the end of a relationship?
   a) "I hope we can still be friends."
   b) "I'm not in right now; please leave a message after the beep."
   c) "Welcome to Dumpsville. Population: one lonely bitch."

10. A woman who is uncomfortable watching you masturbate:
   a) probably needs a little more time before she can cope with that sort of intimacy
   b) is uptight and a waste of time
   c) shouldn't have sat next to you on the bus in the first place

The Unrepentant Voyeur

PIMP IT UP

Interview by Maryam Henein • Illustration by Brian Ajhar

The word *pimp* conjures an image of a black hepcat in a flamboyant polyester suit, a hustling thug who will do about anything to collect his money. Rosebudd, a veteran player with 20 years' experience on the street, adds complexity and a different dimension to that profile with his book *Rosebudd: The American Pimp*, which chronicles his transformation from college student to pimp to writer. Unlike the stereotype, Rosebudd, who was featured in the Hughes brothers' 1999 documentary *American Pimp*, is educated, doesn't come from a broken home, and doesn't profess hatred toward women.

In the beginning Rosebudd was known merely as John Dickson. He was born in Vallejo, California, in 1952. His parents, sharecroppers from the South, raised 11 children in an extremely religious household. "My parents were pro-establishment, and encouraged us never to cause any fuss and forbade us to wear our hair natural," he says. "They wanted us to be good black people."

Rosebudd's strict upbringing was one of the things that propelled him toward the Black Panthers at age 14. He had to keep his involvement a secret for fear his daddy would give him a hell uva whooping. It was during his six-year stretch with the Panthers that Rosebudd learned about himself, the streets, and discrimination. He partook in the organization's "goon squad," a group of brothers that would beat up whites when they heard about injustices against blacks.

Having such a large family, you didn't really have shit. So as you're growing up, you want stuff. Cutting grass ain't doing it. [Pimping is] the ultimate hustle for a guy in the ghetto. That's why you have millionaire rappers talking about pimping.

What exactly was it about pimping that was so alluring to you?

The glamour, the glitz. No other hustle is in your face like pimping. You know, anything else—gambling, selling dope, stealing cars—you have to do it in the dark or behind walls. Pimping is done right out in the public. It is very, very flamboyant. And I liked that, you know. That's how I was.

How did you manage to catch your first ho?

This girl I knew, Sandy, used to watch me play pool in Vallejo. She was a white broad. I had been seeing her for some years, but I had never really fucked with her because back then I was a racist dude. I think it was, like, two weeks before graduation, and she was like, "What are you gonna do when you graduate?" She knew I was a hustler and shit. And I say, "I wanna be a fucking pimp. I don't want to be going to no damn school." And she said, "Really? I'll be your ho." I swear, that's how that happened.

Six months later you came to Los Angeles. Why Hollywood?

Well, when we started pimping and shit, all people talked about was Hollywood. People from Oakland or wherever, they all say they gonna go to Hollywood one day, that's where the real thing is. Them L.A. niggers was fly, boy. They had brand-new cars, they had jewelry, they had all kinds of motherfucking shit, man.

> "Attention is the drug of choice for a pimp. There is

Meanwhile, he attended Sonoma State College. "Initially, there were only 12 blacks among, like, 3,500 students, and two of them were my sisters," he jokes. Hoping to learn more about black history, he majored in ethnic studies and sociology. And since he'd always enjoyed jotting down his feelings, Rosebudd decided to minor in creative writing; among other things, he composed poems filled with hateful racist invective. One such ode, "Three K.W.," begins, "Kill, kill, kill whitey. Off the pigs." He was a straight-A student, but despite his success he dropped out right before graduation and enrolled in "SU"—as in "Sidewalk University, the school of hard knocks." It was simple. He gravitated to the hustling life like a ho to a stroll. By the age of 21, his pimptuition kicked in and he "turned out."

Aside from recounting his fascinating exploits, the self-published *Rosebudd: The American Pimp* includes his 27 rules on how to become a master pimp. For instance: Pay close attention to the details of "the game," always try to choose a nonviolent solution, and infuse trust into each of your broads. Rosebudd hopes his memoir will also demonstrate his storytelling abilities without pigeonholing him as a pimp writer. He's currently working on a coffee-table book, *Gentlemen of Leisure*, for Motel Records; it will feature old pimps of the seventies along with new and upcoming cats. The tome will come with a CD of old soul and funk songs about pimping.

Rosebudd's been struggling as a square for five years now. He was recently divorced, and now lives in Vallejo with his five-year-old daughter, Leena.

What do you hope* Rosebudd: The American Pimp *will achieve?

I hope it will give the reader an understanding of what a real pimp is about, rather than enforce the stereotype of how cruel you imagine him to be. I want it to break the stereotype that pimps are mean women-haters. I want my book to educate the public, and also show young players that there is more to gain than beating up a broad. You know, it's better to do what the original pimp did than what the drug-using pimps started.

Why did you choose a hustling lifestyle?

Sandy was your ho for seven years, but she was murdered

Listen, I really, really liked Sandy.... She started dealing with some policeman. She had sex with him and shit. [Meanwhile] there was a ring of cops that was setting off alarms [in video stores] and acting like they were the first ones on the scene. But in reality they were the ones doing the burglarizing. They got caught, and the weak link in that crew was the cop my broad was with. He was gonna tell on everybody. And they killed him. And then [prosecutors] needed another witness; they asked Sandy. And Sandy, with her stupid ass, agreed. Now the cops liked Sandy, so they gave her two or three chances to leave town, and she wouldn't. She wasn't with me at this point; she had ran off with some sucker nigger named Silky.

Why did she go with another pimp after being with you for so long?

She got to tripping that I was having a lot of broads and not giving her attention. We was up one night, we was blowing some 'caine, and she said, "If I left you, could I come back?" And I said, "Bitch, fuck, no. I ain't got no revolving door." I was supposed to say, "Baby, yeah, you can come back, but why would you want to leave? What's up with you?" But I missed her asking me to save her, you know what I'm saying? And when she left me, she turned into an alcoholic, drug-using, fucked-up broad. But she was the only one of the women that I had that actually chose me, you know, John Dickson, the nobody.

What happens if you nab another pimp's ho?

After some guy gets your girl, he have to contact you and tell you. That's called "serving a pimp the news."

Has any other pimp served you?

Well, this girl, she was new to the street and she didn't really know any better. The police had started kind of running the girls around, and she got a little scared. And this one dude in particular, Jimmy, talked her into getting in the car to look for me, and of course he ended up tricking her.

Did you do anything about it?

I told him, "Look, man, go on and pimp on her." But in reality, I was really pissed off at him and I wanted the bitch back. Maybe

a week went by and I saw him again. And when we started arguing, another dude say, "Man, let's settle this in court." It's a big thing to have a pimp court.

What happened during this pimp court?

[Laughing] Well, when I first got to this place, I didn't know what to expect. I'm looking around, there's music playing, niggers sitting down, you know, they blowing cocaine, smoking weed, drinking alcohol. And he say, "Look, man, we ain't really ready to have no court yet, so let's have some fun." The court started when the broads came in from getting money that night. By the time we got to the point where we were ready to fight, one of the guys jumped in and said, "Man, we are not boxers, we are pimps. We got to let this ho choose." And the girl came in. I had the floor. I said, "Do you want to be with me or do you want to be with Jimmy?" She took a couple of minutes and then she said, "I want to be with Jimmy." And I was really stunned. But this is what made me become a big pimp in the town, because I looked at Jimmy and said, "Jimmy, pimps and ho's go together like weed and Zig-Zag, but you'll never hear me crying about a ho I had."

You handled it diplomatically.

Exactly. Diplomacy is the best policy; that's one of my rules.

In an interview, one of the Hughes brothers said he believes ho's are weak-minded. Do you agree?

Heck no, it's the exact opposite. Nobody takes the time to understand why a prostitute does what she do. But people make judgments, claiming that she's weak-minded and has no control over her life. The reality is, a ho is a very tough-minded person, and she has made a decision and she's going with it, period.

Are there any common characteristics in women who choose to ho?

Yeah, they all have pussies. That's the only thing, because they come from all walks of life, from all educational backgrounds.

A woman must be slightly apprehensive when she first "turns out." Did you provide your ho's with any tips to make their job easier?

Well, you have to make sure the trick know that she ain't really giving no pussy away. You want everything he do to be a struggle, so that can make him come quicker. What's going to make the date go quick is to be physical as far as your hands or something before. Otherwise, if you open your legs and let him really get in there, you're giving him some pussy. Ten times doing that a night, you going to be sore, hurting, and feel like a slut.

What is a bad pimp, to you?

One that put the girl on drugs, lie to her, misuse her, or burn her.

Have you ever gotten physical?

I got physical with every one of my broads, more than once.

What would be a suitable reason for hitting a ho?

Well, I hate a lying broad. And like I told you, it's certain things that you train your broad to do and not to do. One thing that I was adamant about was getting high with a trick. See, the thing about tricks, they will remain very passive as long as you keep them thinking they're tricks. But when you start doing shit like getting high with them, you know, it's like a boyfriend-and-girlfriend thing going off in his head. You know, some of [the johns], they don't want to be charged.

How many cities or states have you pimped in?

I'll tell you where the ho stroll is in any state.

Would you take your ho's with you?

If I had five ho's in Hollywood, I'd say, "I'm going to Florida, who want to go?" It might take us six weeks because we're stopping every six or seven hours to get some money. That's blazing a trail across the country, making a reputation for yourself.

How did you manage to thwart the cops when you traveled?

Me and my buddy, we used to drive exotic cars. I was driving a Rolls Royce, [he] was driving an Auburn. And most likely we'd have three ho's apiece, and they would each be in their cars. So it was two black dudes in these exotic cars with six cars of white girls trailing us down the freeway. Those damn truckers would see us and radio to the police, you know, in Alabama and Arkansas, those kind of places. And the police troopers, they would be parked across the highway, just like you see on TV. But we had a phat story to tell them fools. We would tell them, "Man, we a singing group, we're called Day and Night." [Laughing] And those damn police would believe that shit every time.

But Washington, D.C., was different?

They'll let you pimp in Washington, D.C., to tell you the honest-to-God truth. I mean, it's a really black place, for one thing. The United States is really weird in this way: Every single state capital is in a ghetto or right next to a ghetto. And them [D.C.] police would let you pimp. These cops, I'll never forget them, they ran up to our cars ... it was, like, '78. They say, "Before you start lying to us, if you guys tell us that you gonna pimp and you ain't gonna be selling drugs or beatin' up no ho's, you can stay in our city and pimp." And in D.C. there was a cop that was pimping! I'm serious, man. There was a cop that had two black ho's. We was walking, and we hear this dude saying, "Bitch, you better get my fuckin' money!" And it's coming from the damn police car. We look over, and a man in a police uniform is standing over this broad, telling [her] that he is not getting his money proper and he want his fuckin' money. A real cop, now, I ain't lying.

Have you ever been arrested for pimping?

I caught a girl, but she wasn't really my speed. She was a trip, she was hyper. At this point I was already a pimping motherfucker, I didn't have to have her. And that's another thing, when you take just any broad you get in some trouble. But anyway, she get with me, and you know, after a while we separated. Actually I fired her. Anyway, she called me a few days later and she was in jail. Against my better judgment, I put the money on the books and let her bail out. This was with the understanding she was gonna pay me back. I was riding down the track and I saw her, again and again. I cornered her: "What's up with my money? You can't be working out here unless you pay me my goddamn money back." So I gave her my beeper number and told her, "Look, bitch, when you get my motherfucking paper, call me." I'm in the pool hall a couple of days later and she called me. I say, "Look, you got all my money?" And she said, "Yeah." I go over there, and the motherfucking police jam me. They thought I'd been pimping on her.

How much time did you serve?

I only had to do six months.

Was jail hell?

Shit no, I was the mayor up in there. You was a real prestigious dude to be in for pimping. Plus, see, all them motherfuckers, they don't got no bitches be coming to visit, leaving them money.

How did you adapt to being married?

It's similar to being a square dude. It's the hardest thing. I have never tried anything as hard.

You have two daughters. Would you ever want them to be ho's?

I wouldn't want them to be ho's. Because she won't get treated right. There's not too many pimps that's gonna be fair, you know.

Do you have to have a huge ego to be a pimp?

Oh man, let me tell you something, attention is the drug of choice for a pimp. There is no hat big enough to fit your big, old-ass head. You have to get a construction team to build you a hat. Yeah, you have to have a really big ego to be a pimp.

> no hat big enough to fit your big, old-ass head."

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

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X RATED VIDEO

By Al Goldstein

Decisions, Decisions

Pet of the Year Play-Off 2001
Penthouse Video ★★★★

Having the job of picking the Penthouse Pet of the Year may seem like a dream job to some guys but after looking at the five choices for 2001 on this video, there is no way in hell I could have picked just one. These are five of the most beautiful women ever, and it's too bad there can be only one winner. If any of the losers need some consolation, I'm here for all of you ... especially Miel and Angelica. Four brunettes and one blonde were the finalists this year, and in the usual high style *Penthouse* is known for, the babes are trotted out in a variety of sensual outfits while they tell us everything about themselves. In between settings and poses, the girls pleasure themselves while talking about their favorite sexual positions and fantasies. Every move they make is designed to evoke sexual excitement, and guess what? It works great. I particularly enjoyed when Miel said that every man she's ever met has treated her positively (what a shock). And just like me, Angelica Costello is a writer. Samantha Stewart is an Illinois native who's the kinkiest of the bunch, and Vicca, a beauty from Russia, has made some porn flicks since her layout in December 1998. These last two stunners provide the peak heat levels in the film when they get it on sixty-nine-style on a sofa. Still, the blonde Czech Zdenka is the most striking entry in the mix.

And the Winner Is ...

Pet of the Year 2001
Penthouse Video ★★★★

In case you didn't open the issue of *Penthouse* that announced the 2001 Pet of the Year, the winner was Zdenka (above). This naturally blonde Czech beauty originally was Pet of the Month in April 1999, and she's only got hotter since then. The first half of the tape features Zdenka in a number of high-fashion outfits showing off her best assets amidst beautiful backdrops ranging from a black-tiled swimming pool to the balcony of an ultramodern house, where she slathers lotion on her latex-clad form. The temperature goes through the roof when stunning Zdenka gets it on with Melissa Ann. The two blondes are dressed in futuristic silver lingerie, and very sensually do the deed on a leather chaise. Zdenka proves to be quite skilled at the art of sapphic love, and the hottest moment on the tape comes when her tongue slowly enters Melissa's snatch from behind. Wow! There's also another girl-girl segment with the babes dressed in matching red and blue latex dresses complete with matching wigs and sunglasses. The background is a stark white wall drenched in sunlight, and the action is as gorgeous as the set and the girls. You can't lose with this expertly shot, edited, and directed video that I think is one of the best that *Penthouse* has ever filmed.

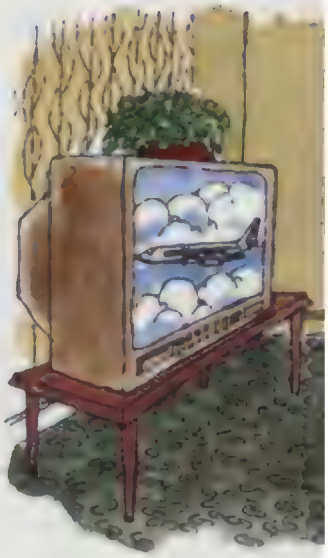
The Second Coming

Briana Loves Jenna
Vivid Video ★★★★

After a brief hiatus, porndom's biggest superstar, Jenna Jameson, is back, and she's burning up the screen in every one of her scenes. In particular, there's Jenna's thermonuclear girl-girler with the equally ravishing Briana Banks. The plot involves Jenna telling her life story to a psychotherapist, but let's face it. The draw is Jenna fucking. Briana Banks ain't chopped liver either, and her presence puts this flick on an entirely different level. Check out her three-way with Isabella and Erik Everhard. Jameson also gets into her first boy-girl matchup in more than two years, and shows us that she hasn't forgotten her way around a cock. In total, there are seven encounters on this vid starring top-shelf babes, and they're all terrific. A great comeback for Jenna!

BUSINESS AS USUAL

SATIRE BY JOSEPH FARRIS



"I suppose all good things must come to an end."

"I told you if you didn't make your quota there'd be hell to pay!"

"He's in charge of lifting corporate spirits."

SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

If you tell your woman she's a goddess, you'll earn brownie points. Here's how to treat her like one.

"She's a goddess and I'll do anything to keep her," Frankie told me, his girlfriend was threatening to break up with him

"You have a shot at it," I reassured him, "because you said the magic word." Just telling a woman she's a goddess will earn you lots of brownie points

Of course, then you have to treat her like one

It's the word of the new age, the title of a magazine, and even the name for groups of women who get together to talk about life, love, men, and sex. I know. I belonged to a "goddess group," and I run sex-therapy workshops to teach men how to treat their women heavenly

Goddesses are female deities from ancient times who were symbols of fertility They were priestesses of secret arts of lovemaking that drove men wild Every woman today is capable of being a goddess, tapping into the erotic female collective consciousness But many have been repressed by religious or parental proscriptions or by past abusive relationships with men It is up to modern man to free the goddess again

The secret Please her first and she will honor you in return How? Choose one night to tell her, "Tonight I will serve you as the goddess you are. I

pledge to make this your best night ever."

Prepare yourself by bathing and shaving Dress up in what you imagine she would like that feels good to the touch and looks hot (colorful briefs or silk shorts and shirt)

Prepare your love lair by making it inviting to the senses, with soft lights, aromas (flowers or scented candles), and fresh sheets (flannel or silk feels good)

Cook her dinner and leave the dishes as you lead her into the bathroom Bathing the goddess is an essential ritual Start with her back, then her breasts, and slide up her thighs. Don't forget her feet (Foot washing is an ancient service showing respect and honor.) Dry her slowly everywhere with a soft oversize towel (Blowing light kisses, pretending to dry her, will really make her wet.)

Lie her gently down in your love lair and invite her to relax and surrender to your massage, insisting that she need do nothing to respond or reciprocate Tell her, "This is all about you tonight you don't have to do anything for me," "I really love giving you so much pleasure," and "You can have all the time you want." These are crucial messages, since all women worry that they're taking too much time, that they have to give instead of just receive, and that the man may not be enjoying himself while giving to her

After about a half-hour of massage, cover her with kisses on her shoulders, moving up to her neck, around her mouth, down to her breasts, stomach, and thighs Blow lightly and brush your fingers where you've kissed Move from one place back to another, making her follow your path Look up into her eyes occasionally; women love feeling connected Open her legs gently running your hands and lips up her thighs, whispering compliments lovingly into her body (loud enough for her to hear)

Press your lips against her pubic mound and spread the lips apart, running your tongue up and down Don't press for more, or for penetration, unless she raises her hips into you or begs you for it Read her signs to figure out what she wants. Lie holding her and remind her, "I honor the goddess in you."

I strictly adhere to the "even steven" rule (fellatio for you, cunnilingus for her) After her goddess night you should have *your* god night, when she totally serves your pleasure Have her read the chapter on "Giving Him the Best Night Ever" in my new book, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Tantric Sex* Taking turns allows each of you to concentrate on giving or receiving. As Frankie, the chap in the first paragraph, rightfully pointed out, "I get it. It builds into mutual adoration where giving and receiving blend into one."

XAVIERA

and I fucked the entire time. One night she sucked me off in the laundry room.

She says she's always been a lesbian, never fucked a man before, and now thinks that a real cock and straight sex are better than lesbian sex. But she has no intention of breaking up with Jackie, because she loves her. Yet she still wants to fuck me as often as she can. And being the male dog that I am, that's just fine with me.

Still, I thought that lesbians don't go in for real cock or men at all. Jamie tells me that she wants to fuck me all the time, and also wants to do it with another woman—not Jackie. She says that Jackie doesn't like men in bed. Jamie says she herself never wanted to fuck a man before she started seeing me. I get my newspaper in the morning, and that the first time we had sex was the best sex she ever had.

These days, right after Jackie goes to work, Jamie comes over for a morning fuck. She wants to stay with me at a bed-and-breakfast the next time Jackie goes out of town. Isn't this a little too much for a confirmed lesbian? She says she loves fucking me. What's really up?—D.M., California

One of the unfortunate aspects of the acceptance of gay rights is that certain dedicated homosexuals of both genders treat their sexual orientation as if it were a religion. They preach to the hetero masses in hopes of enlisting converts to their faith, with the result that quite a number of young people grow up believing they must be one way or the other.

Your new girlfriend is a classic case of a woman, probably bisexual, who has been propagandized with movie titles like *All Men Are Liars* to believe that something terrible might happen to her if she gets too close to a penis.

As most people already know, I am bisexual and have an ongoing lesbian relationship with a sweet girl whom I love dearly. When the hetero side of my libido takes over and I have a sexual reunion with one of my old lovers, my girlfriend gets very upset, and her misery is in no way alleviated when I tell her that it is none of her business. It is out of her sphere, I inform her, because she cannot relate to real live cock, as she has no experience with it. It is like trying to explain the color red to a blind person. But she is still miserably jealous.

One of my ex-lovers, whom I have mentioned before, is always joking that he is a lesbian because he only likes women. Curiously enough, he *could* be a lesbian, as he is so into women that he understands them better than do most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

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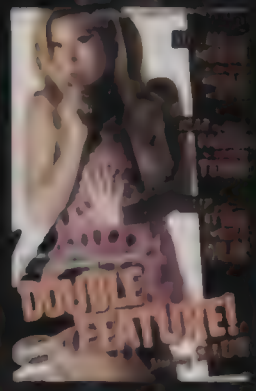

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favor targeted assassination when the only other alternative is allowing the terrorist to continue killing civilians. The death-penalty debate is different, because life imprisonment is always an alternative. The targeted assassination of terrorists is more akin to shooting a fleeing dangerous felon who would otherwise escape. Also, targeted assassination is governed more by the laws of war than by the rules of peacetime justice. There were millions of people who would have loved to assassinate Hitler, and there's been more than one good old movie—and one actual instance—in which such an attempt was made.

Censorship

The First Amendment may also be strictured in times of crisis. The first casualty of war has often been truth, since the paradigm of the military is control. Propaganda, disinformation, and secrecy are important weapons of the military, and journalists are often willing to subordinate truth to patriotism. This is understandable when such compliance takes the form of briefly withholding information about troop movements or other battle plans to protect our soldiers or the success of an attack. But when journalistic patriotism results in refusal to report critically on the performance of government officials—be it the president or military commanders—our system of checks and balances can be adversely affected.

During times of national emergency, claims of national security generally trump assertions of individual rights. This has certainly been the lesson of history. It is precisely during such times that nongovernmental checks on government become essential if the proper balance is to be maintained. Among the most important of these checks are a free press, a zealous defense bar, an independent religious leadership, and a critical academia and student body.

Rethinking the Balance

Many thoughtful libertarians are now rethinking their knee-jerk opposition to some new technologies that may assist us in fighting terrorism. I must admit that I myself fit into that category. When I first heard about roving wiretaps—those which follow a specific person rather than a specific telephone—I was immediately suspicious. My suspicions arose in part because these taps were used primarily in the so-called war against drugs—a war I do not believe is worthy of any rethinking of civil-libertarian values. Now that I understand how the roving wiretap can play an important role in tracking potential terrorists who use cell phones briefly and then discard and replace them, I've begun to think hard about whether there are any real downsides to this. I have concluded that there are not. Indeed, it is far better to focus a search on a specific person against whom a warrant has been obtained, based on probable cause, than on a specific telephone that might be used by innocent people. The Supreme Court has said that the Fourth Amendment "protects people, not places." It would seem to follow that a warrant directed at a person, rather than at a telephone or a place, would serve the privacy interests protected by that amendment.

ID Cards

The events of September 11 have also prompted me into rethinking my previous knee-jerk opposition to national identity cards. My opposition had grown primarily out of the misuse of such cards by the apartheid regime in South Africa and the totalitarian realities in the Soviet Union and China. But the ease with which several of the September 11 hijackers managed to hide in open view, and to fall between the bureaucratic cracks, made it clear to me that a foolproof national ID card has some real

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virtues. Then I considered its vices. I was hard-pressed to come up with any compelling civil-libertarian arguments against a card that would contain only five elements: the bearer's name, address, Social Security number, photo, and a fingerprint or retinal print on a chip in the card. This chip would make it virtually impossible for anyone to use a card that was not his or hers, and would allow appropriate authorities under appropriate circumstances to check the identity of every person in this country.

There are, of course, grave dangers inherent in any system of information gathering by government officials. Anyone who lived through J. Edgar Hoover's tenure as director of the FBI understands this danger, which is why there should be a great national debate over what kind of information is appropriate for the government to gather and place in its databases. But that is a different debate than the one about national identity cards. We already have the databases. Whenever you return from a trip abroad, you must show your passport, and the authorities can run your passport through a database. The ID card would not itself add anything to the database except the finger- or retinal print. In fact, the debate about ID cards should be a stimulus to the far more important debates about the content of government databases and the circumstances under which authorities should be entitled to ask anyone to identify him- or herself.

An alternative to a mandatory national ID card would be an optional one. Since the vast majority of Americans already carry several forms of identification, including at least one photo ID, I believe that most Americans would sign up for the national card, especially since its bearer would be able to pass through checkpoints—in airports, high-rise buildings, government offices—more expeditiously than those who opted out of the national ID system.

Another virtue of the national ID card is that it would eliminate much of the justification now offered for racial or ethnic profiling. I have some experience to back that up. When African-American students started to attend Harvard in significant numbers, many of them were routinely hassled by security since they didn't look like they belonged on or around the Harvard campus. When ID cards were issued to all students, it became far easier for the African-American students to avoid harassment by simply showing their cards. To be sure, African-American students were asked to show their cards more often than white students—and that is clearly inappropriate. But the net result of the ID cards was to reduce the amount of hassling of minority students. I think the same thing would be true for Arab-Americans. Under current conditions,

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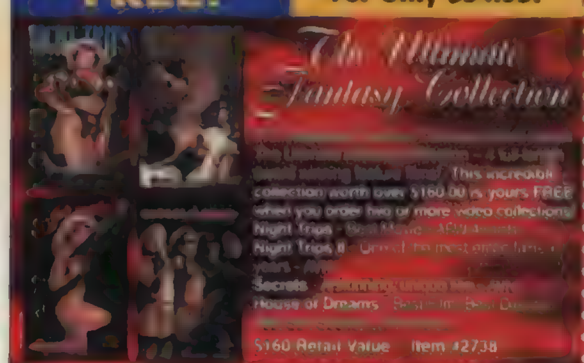

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Arab-American men would probably be asked for their IDs more often, but by showing the card they could avoid the kind of harassment that many have recently experienced on airplanes.

As a general proposition I think it is far better for everybody to be deprived of a little bit of anonymity than for one specific ethnic group to bear a disproportionate part of the burden. Those who deliberately opt out of a national ID system will have made a decision to endure more intrusive searches in exchange for not having to carry the card. In some respects this is a little like the tradeoff East Coast drivers make when they slap E-ZPass tags on their cars so they can get through toll areas more quickly.

For similar reasons I favor limited use of face-recognition technology in places where identification is now required. Face-recognition machines are certainly preferable to ethnic stereotyping.

Civil libertarians need not fear technology—so long as we control it, rather than allowing it to control us.

Are We Overreacting?

In the wake of September 11, I am frequently asked the following question: Are we overreacting or underreacting to the threats of terrorism? In trying to answer that difficult question, I think of how I might have replied to the same question in 1930s Nazi Germany. At that time no one could have known how matters would turn out. The Holocaust was unforseen despite Hitler's own statements of intention. In light of what the Nazis did, almost anything that was done by anti-Hitler forces seems underreactive. But if Hitler had failed, if he had been assassinated and his replacement had not been as brutal, we might have looked at some of the steps taken by anti-Nazi activists as overreactive.

The same can be said for the crisis we now face. If the tragic events of September 11, followed by the anthrax deaths and illnesses, turn out to be the last of the terrorist attacks, perhaps we will be accused of overreacting. But if these attacks are merely the harbinger of much worse and more extensive attacks that endanger our very existence, then we may ultimately be charged with underreaction.

Since we are not prophets, we must try our best to strike the appropriate balances without knowing what the future holds. In striking these balances we must never forget our deep commitment to liberty, equality, and the rule of law. We must not allow the terrorists to win either by destroying us or by destroying what we stand for. It will not be easy.

Alan Dershowitz's newest book is *Shouting Fire: Civil Liberties in a Turbulent Age*

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

of his brethren, and maybe even better than many women understand themselves. Lesbians all seem to adore him. At least two lesbian couples I know have brought him into their beds, where they use him like a very fancy toy.

You have the extraordinary good luck to be involved with a closet heterosexual who is having such a good time coming out of the closet—going straight, in other words—that she does not care what she does. She is that famous third sex, a trisexual (open to trying anything sexual). If you treat her right and do not play any sneaky macho tricks, like boasting to your male friends about intimate details, or standing her up in favor of a ball game, then you have that most wonderful combination of a lover and a friend who is also a member of the opposition party. She can explain to you how women think, and if you like the idea of a threesome with another girl, she will probably be only too happy to set it up for you.

It Happened to Me (Xaviera Herself)

While I was in Los Angeles I met M., an attractive 35-year-old man. He was a slightly hyper chap, American and Jewish, who complained he never, or hardly ever, got laid, owing to American prudishness. I decided to let him persuade me into bed that night. I took him back to where I was staying, and as soon as we got there I gave him a drink and slipped into the bathroom, regretting the unavailability of that wonderful European accessory to casual sex, the bidet. I took a lightning shower and led him to the bedroom.

It started like the world chess championship, with some quite professional opening gambits on his part. Once we got past the preliminary groping stage I discovered that, although his body was awfully hairy, the hair on his head was interwoven with a hairpiece. My big mouth often gets me in trouble when it's not sucking cock, and my comment "Honey, how come you have hair growing just about everywhere except where it counts?" slipped out before I could stop it. From his reaction, I suppose it was a massive blow to his ego. He was clearly unaware of my fondness for baldness, so I told him about it, but it was no good. Everything I said only made it worse. He was just not prepared to talk about it.

All day he had promised me untold delights in the oral-sex department, but now he just lay there with a magnificent erection. Finally I straddled him, but not before he had donned a condom, and it was all over in a couple of minutes.

The next day I e-mailed him, asking why he did not deliver the oral promise he'd made earlier when he told me how talented he was at eating pussy.

He replied, "Hi, Xaviera. I'll say this: I'm a fucking pro at eating pussy. I'm probably even better than most chicks, but the only way I will ever, ever, ever eat pussy is if I know that the woman has just recently cleansed herself and the only odor is no odor. That's pretty much my answer. Hope to hear from you again soon, M."

I e-mailed back. "Hi, M. Cleanliness is next to godliness. I understand that, but no odor at all while making love is not normal. It is inhuman, and might come under the heading of robotics. You're not even in the Mary Poppins category, where a spoonful of honey makes the boyfriend go down. We all know that Americans are obsessive about hygiene, with sanitized toilet seats in hotels and people wearing gloves or carrying boxes of Kleenex on the subway in case they have to touch something that may have been touched by someone else. This is a national obsession, but you are taking it too far. A drop or two of healthy sweat would probably make you puke, and if you cannot handle the odor of healthy vaginal pheromones, you are to be pitied.

"You should study the animal world. Male dogs, for instance, mark their territory by peeing on trees and fire hydrants. This is the canine equivalent of leaving a visiting card so that other dogs and bitches know who is around. My pussy, for your information, takes a bubble bath each morning and each evening before going out on the town, and when there is a man or woman in my bed expecting nookie, my pussy usually gets an extra wash (in the bidet, if there is one, which in the superhygienic USA hardly ever is the case). If there's one clean pussy in the world, it's mine.

"As far as I remember, you were rather passive that night and just lay there in bed on your back and left me to do most of the work. Nothing wrong with that, but I do not remember your nose coming more than an inch south of my left nipple, which you nibbled cautiously for about two seconds. You did not even test my honeypot with your finger. I am known to have one of the nicest-tasting pussies in the West, or so numerous lovers have told me. It is clean but still recognizable. I could hardly have become world-famous as the Happy Hooker if I were not clean. I am afraid that the American prudishness that stops you from getting laid is your own. Xaviera."

What should have started as affectionate intimacy seemed to be developing into acrimony, but I could not resist sending copies of the e-mails to an old buddy, also Jewish, but raised in England and a great lover of pussy. He has been my good friend and occasional lover for years, and I wanted his opinion.

He e-mailed the following:

"Hi, Xaviera. It was sad to read Mr. Not-So-Wise label himself 'a fucking pro at eating pussy.' And what does it say about him when he talks about 'a fucking pro,' 'chicks,' and 'ever, ever, ever'? I hear bullshit in every direction—all attitude and no reality. Does he understand women at all? How sad to miss the delicious fragrance and taste of a warm, inviting pussy. How different each one is. No wonder he remains alone, bereft of female company when he is not happy with what he has been given by nature. Artificiality of any type is mostly inferior to nature, and that goes for men's hair as well as women's breasts and lips. He talks the talk but doesn't walk the walk. He doesn't seem able to be himself. Perhaps he is, as you suggest, another victim of good old all-American conditioning. I am entirely in agreement with your words about cleanliness. Hope to see you soon, my dear. Love, L."

I forwarded this message to M., and got the following answer, which I categorize as hate mail:

"It was truly sad to hear that your silly English lover takes it upon himself to criticize and attempt to insult a fine young man he has never met or spoken to. I understand how my words were clearly taken out of context, and their intended humor easily lost on this ridiculous lad. Maybe you failed to mention to this childish sap that you pushed and prodded me to answer the question of why I did not perform oral sex on you. I didn't want to say anything and am sorry it hurt, but as I mentioned earlier, my aim was not to injure. Let's just move on. We can start by you not sending me any more jealous rants or misguided meanderings of a sorry old British clown who is no doubt sprouting male breasts at this point in life. After this poor slob finishes sniffing my fat American ass (the aroma of which I'm sure he'll enjoy), I'll make him my bitch for the rest of his loser tea-bag life. P.S. I haven't had banter like this since the fourth grade. Please tell your foolish friend he's an amusing sort. M."

The guy couldn't stop there. He sent me yet another e-mail:

"Hi, Xav. Okay, it's a cultural thing. I admit it. I confess. I am an American. Let's put this thing to bed already. It's so stupid. I still think you're fabulous. Now I must hop into the shower (my first of the day—you know I shower sometimes six, seven, eight times a day here in America). I've got to work. Hope you're doing well. Love ya, M."

So let's indeed "put this to bed"—with reactions from some female sex workers I know from the Internet.

Here's a communiqué from America:

1 Blue Dolphin Vibe - This 6" long, 1" wide vibe is made of waterproof tapes blue jelly and perfect for all your underwater adventures. Great for landlubbers too! Multi-speed twist base
Item #9678 Was $~~19.95~~ NOW ONLY **$16.95**

2 Cum and Get It Vibrator - This 5 ½" long 1 ¼" wide phallus has an added cuddy bonus. Three prongs at the base deliver extra stimulation to the clitoris and labia for explosive orgasms! Multi-speed twist base
Item #3531 Was $~~21.95~~ NOW ONLY **$9.95**

3 Textured G-Spot vibe - With it's curved tip this 8 ½" long 1 ¼" thick vibe is designed to reach all the right places. Studded base adds extra clitoral stimulation. Multi-speed twist base
Item #1726 Was $~~22.95~~ NOW ONLY **$17.95**

4 Wild Rider Vibrator - Take the ride of your life on this 9" long, 2" wide phallus. The latex surface has plenty of raised veins for that life-like feeling and extra stimulation. Multi-speed twist base
Item #3584 Was $~~24.95~~ NOW ONLY **$16.95**

5 Power Pleaser - This bad boy is a generous 7 ½" long and 1 ¼" thick. The super flexible, flesh like shaft bends easily to fit your body contours. Multi-speed twist base
Item #3457 Was $~~21.95~~ NOW ONLY **$9.95**

6 Jelly Slim Jim Vibe - This slender fella packs a powerful punch! At a sleek 7" long, 1" wide this pink penis-shaped jelly vibe is perfect for front and backdoor action. Multi-speed twist base
Item #4914 Was $~~12.95~~ NOW ONLY **$9.95**

7 The Virgin - Get that "first time" feeling when you penetrate the latex "hymen" of The Virgin. Just lube up and slide into this 4" deep, fleshy lovepocket for mind shattering orgasms. Multi-speed
Item #3830 Was $~~29.95~~ NOW ONLY **$19.95**

8 Anal EZ Bend Vibe – The 6" shaft on this delightful blue vibe holds a stimulating secret – a unique "vertebrae" that lets you bend and twist it in any position. A remote controlled vibrating bullet adds extra sensation to the prostate, clitoris, or G-spot
Item #7141 Was $~~19.95~~ NOW ONLY **$16.95**

9 Sean Michael's Supercock – Molded from Sean's own giant genitalia, this cocoa colored dong measures a whopping 11" high and 2 ½" thick! The suction cup base allows for plenty of hands-free action and overall design is so lifelike you'll swear you're with the porn "himself"! A must for phallus fans!
Item #8867 Was $~~39.95~~ NOW ONLY **$30.95**

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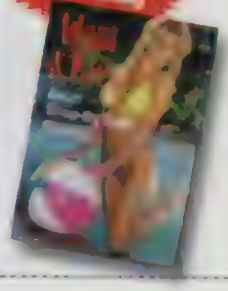
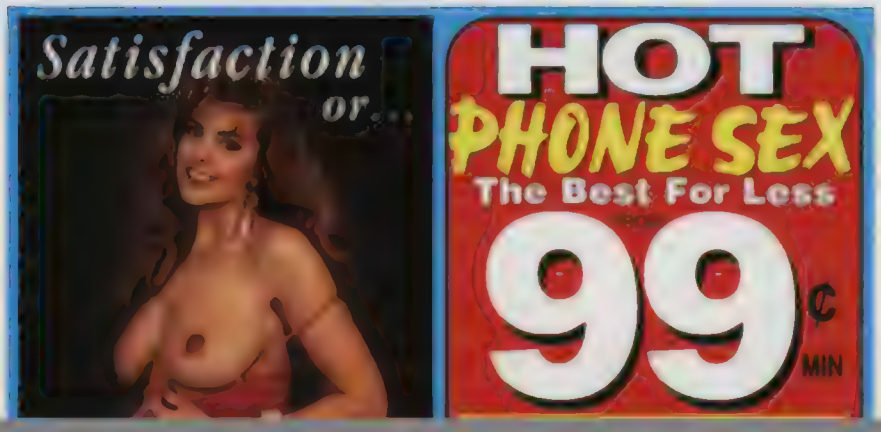
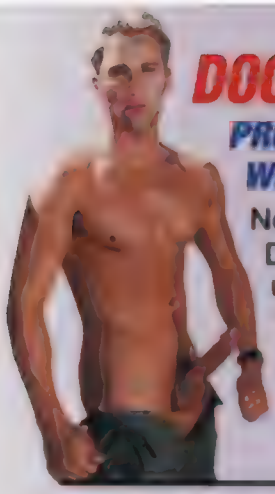




"Hi, Xaviera. The kid is probably quite a nice chap, but sexually he's a freak, with his interwoven hair and six showers a day. What a cleanliness fetishist, huh? He would be the type to take flea powder to a party and start defleaing other people's dogs."

Here is another, from Australia:

"Hi, Xaviera. Your post about Americans' obsession with hygiene certainly speaks to me. They are so hung up. In '98, as you know, I was traveling around the States with a film crew, just four of us. One day I was being chauffeured



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Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. How about when men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Your larger penis will give you the confidence to meet the challenge of any woman. Penetrate deeper and see just how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS ENLARGE YOUR PENIS?

The corpus cavernosa are the two spongy bodies of erectile tissue on either side of the penis. An erection is caused by blood filling the erectile tissues. But what if the erectile tissues were made larger? What if you could somehow expand the size of the erectile tissues? Then of course the erectile tissues would hold more blood and you would have a significantly larger penis. Blow up a balloon with more air and you have a larger balloon. Fill the erectile tissues with more blood and you have a larger penis. Without any effort on you part, without any exercising, pumping or stretching, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissues longer and wider and fill the erectile tissues with a larger supply of blood so that your penis will gain up to 4 inches in what has been described as a miracle. **You can make that miracle happen.** You can have the penis size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL and we GUARANTEE IT!

IS YOUR PENIS SIZE AVERAGE?

You probably have heard or read somewhere the average penis size is about 6 inches. If your penis is 6 inches and you want to be average then don't read any further. But if your not satisfied with an average or less then average size penis, the PRO+PLUS PILLS will help you grow up to 4 inches and it is perfectly safe and it is your secret because you can take the PRO+PLUS PILLS without anyone knowing that you are taking it.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Consider the difference between a 7, 8 or 9 inch penis that is thicker and a penis that is 4 to 6 inches and narrower. With a larger penis you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. Your longer penis probes deeper searching those special nerve endings. The added width to your penis fills and presses her from side to side to give your partner the most exhilarating sensations. **It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-spot.** These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. At the same time because you are reaching a woman's most sensitive areas with your larger penis you will receive more pleasure to your sensitive nerve endings. Just knowing you are giving your partner the pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

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- A longer, thicker penis. Penis Enlargement up to 4 inches or more
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- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow your erections grow harder
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COMING IN THE APRIL

PENTHOUSE

BIOTERROR

For nearly a decade the U.S. government knew the country was under grave threat of bioterrorism. Yet when an attack finally did come, the United States was almost totally unprepared. Why? The answer, says investigative reporter Ernest Volkman, has to do with incompetence, misplaced priorities, bureaucratic infighting, fear of panicking the populace, secrecy, and an attempt to sweep under the rug an inconvenient problem. A sobering look at how Washington mishandled the most serious national-security threat in American history—and what still needs to be done.

IT'S GOOD TO BE KING

His enemies in the boxing world have learned the hard way: Don't count Don King out. And if he can lure heavyweight champ Lennox Lewis into his camp, this spring may bring King's most lucrative hour: a $100 million heavyweight title bout between Lewis and Mike Tyson, who became rich and infamous on King's watch before walking out on him. Mark Ribowsky interviews the hedgerow-haired Lord of the Ring.

BUILDING A BETTER BUTT

Six-pack abs and bulging pecs are all well and good, but ignoring the muscles behind you could explain why you're not seeing enough tail in front of you. Every woman you've ever met has checked out your butt; present a flat or flabby posterior, and you could be left sitting alone on your assets. In "Men's Health & Fitness," Myatt Murphy consults with one of Hollywood's premier celebrity trainers to tell you how to build a rock-hard ass without making yourself look like an ass in the process.

BLUEWATER HUNTERS

Armed only with mask, fins, weight belt, snorkel, and speargun—and the air in their lungs—bluewater hunters descend as deep as 100 feet into the ocean. There, they wait silently for their prey, big-game fish like blue-fin and yellow-fin tuna, dorado, sea bass, sailfish, and marlin. Ken McAlpine journeys to Mexico's Sea of Cortez with a crew of bluewater hunters who battle sharks and blackouts to bring home the 1,000-pound prize of a lifetime.

TALKING ABOUT TOBY KEITH

Country singer Toby Keith is currently enjoying, courtesy of his latest release, *Pull My Chain*, his "overnight" success, which took a mere ten years to achieve. The Country Music Association's Male Vocalist of the Year talks with music writer Alanna Nash about why his former label "didn't hear" his No. 1 records; his early tours with sultry superstar Shania Twain; the stories behind his biggest hits—"Getcha Some," "I Wanna Talk About Me," and "How Do You Like Me Now"—not to mention how he lost his virginity.

TWENTY-FIRST-CENTURY SEX ED

Through a combination of chutzpah, creativity, and civic duty, a coterie of enterprising young women is landing book deals, embarking on sold-out lecture tours, even spanking Howard Stern with a rubber chicken on the air. Our Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner Jr., interviews Tristan Taormino and Dr. Ducky DooLittle, two sex educators for the twenty-first century. "I love to lick asses," Taormino says. "But I also feel an obligation to my readers to say, 'Here are the health concerns.'"

The new Passport 8500 is the "World's Best"

For well over twenty years, Escort has consistently brought you the best radar and laser detectors on the market – pushing the envelope of technology to do so. In this pursuit, our engineers strive to create a balance between long range warning, with minimum false alarms. This year, we've outdone ourselves, creating the best radar and laser detector ever.

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The all-new Passport 8500 is the result of years of research, continuous testing (in the lab, and in-car driving) and relentless attention to details. The Passport 8500 has not only met all of our design specifications, it also has met the expectations of the industry's leading radar and laser experts.

"...have the manufacturers finally got a handle on this new threat?"

In the latest radar detector test conducted by *radartest.com*, and Craig Peterson, world-known expert on radar and laser technology, Peterson points out the rapidly-growing number of Ka-Band guns in North America, and addresses the need for better range on this band. In previous tests regarding Ka-band sensitivity, Peterson stated *"many of the manufacturers clearly hadn't responded to the challenge."* However, in this comprehensive radar detector test, Escort proves that it has been working on all of the right things, winning the coveted title of "World's Best." Why?

Blistering Ka-band performance

The Passport 8500 represents a quantum leap forward in Ka-band sensitivity. *Radartest.com* noted its incredible performance on Ka-band by stating *"It ferreted out the lethal digital Ka-band radar gun at 40,222 feet, fully 3.2 miles before the Valentine One."* Yeah, but that's one test.

Second opinion

Carl Fors, President of *Speed Measurement Labs*, also a world-known expert in the field of radar and laser technology, recently tested the new Passport 8500 and stated *"The 8500 gives intense advanced warning to radar five to seven times the normal targeting range of police radar, depending on radar band."* He was so impressed he went on to state *"The new 8500's superior performance and packaging takes us back to the 'Golden Years' of Escort's history."* You be the judge.

www.radartest.com
DETECTOR SHOOTOUT Total Scores

Escort 8500	**97**
BEL 980	94
Valentine One	77
K40 SS3000	39

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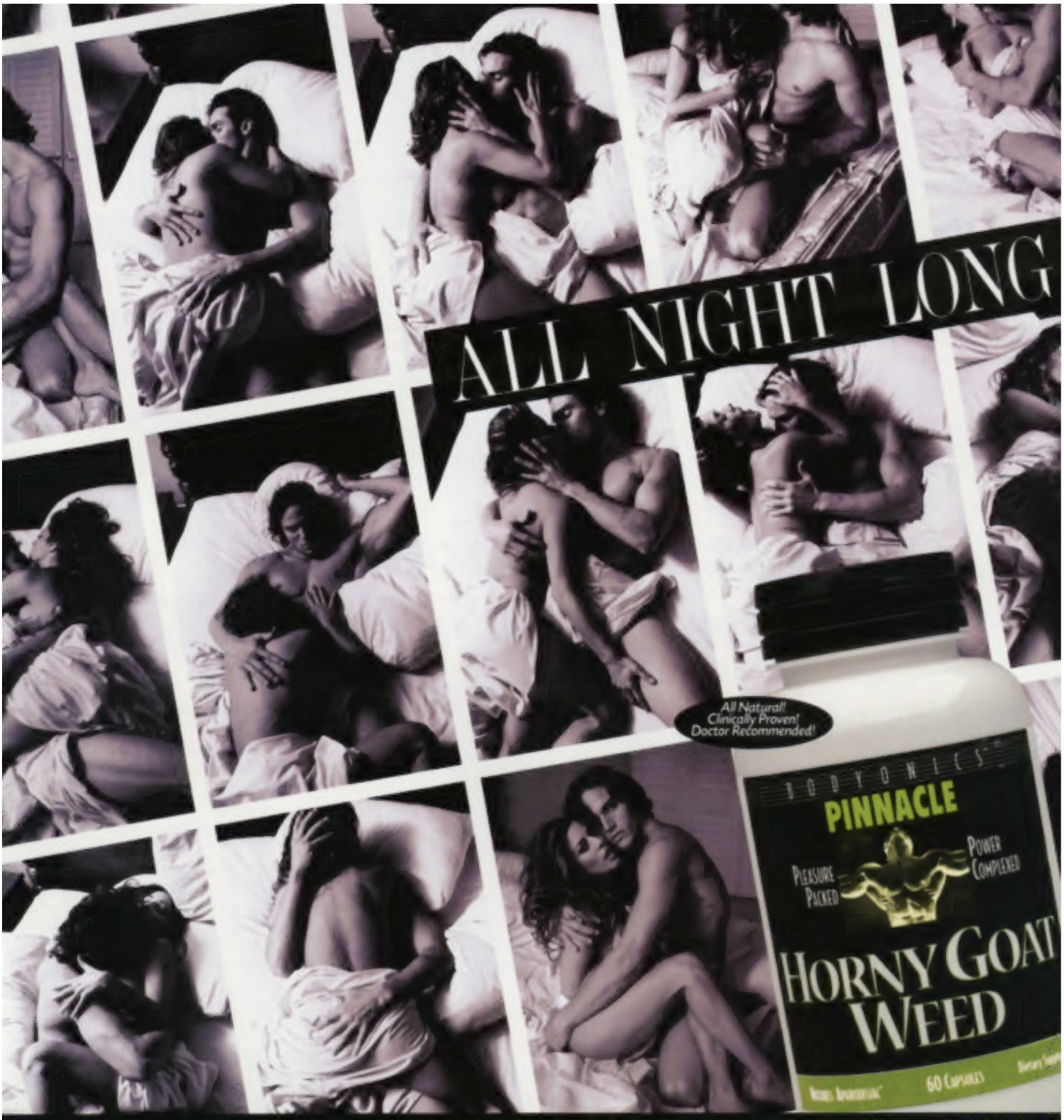

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1 Effect of Horny Goat Weed complex supplement on sexual satisfaction in healthy men and men treated with Viagra. Steven Lamm, M.D. 2001

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